





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



ELIOT THE YOUNGER.

A Fiction in Freehand.

BY

BERNARD BARKER.

"For several virtues
Have I liked several women

"Without the which, this story
Were most impertinent."

Tempest (Act iii., sc. 1.—Act i., sc. 2.).

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



London:

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,
10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1878.

[All Rights Reserved.]



PR

4063

B19e

v. 3

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ST. JOHN'S WOOD	5
II. MAN AND BEAST	23
III. TOWN TALK	45
IV. MORE TOWN TALK	55
V. IN AND ABOUT THE TENTS OF THE UN-	
GODLY	75
VI. AT THE PALACE—AND AFTER	91
VII. MOONSHINE	113
VIII. UN SUCCES FOU	129
IX. AN ACTRESS AT HOME	149
X. "QUE LES BEAUX ESPRITS LE RENCON-	
TRENT!"	166
XI. "FOLLY AS IT FLIES"	182
XII. REAPING THE WHIRLWIND	192
XIII. TWO YOUNG WOMEN AND ONE YOUNG MAN	202
XIV. MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY	222

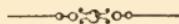
1062982



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



ELIOT THE YOUNGER.



CHAPTER I.

S T. J O H N ’ S W O O D.

NO. 19, Elysium Place, St. John's Wood. A bed and a head. Not the head of the bed, but the head of a body, breathing and beautiful, and belonging solely and exclusively to Phœbe Langham, spinster.

It is Sunday morning—a Sunday in May. The bells of the neighbouring church of St. Kold Without (Reverend Luke Warmer, incumbent) are just ringing their final in-

vitation to service as Miss Langham awakes to the mixed sweets of mundane existence,

“ Rubbing her sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling overhead her little fists
In backward yawns—”

(as the critic-killed (?) poet prettily expresses it) ; and anon she is sitting bolt-upright in bed, gazing with tranquil vision upon the admirable confusion of her dainty chamber.

Sixteen shillings in silver, a half-sovereign, three cigarettes, a box of chocolate creams, a tress of back-hair, a bootlace, a penny, a pair of gloves, a fan, a handkerchief, a letter, half-a-dozen hairpins, and an odd garter—such is the *concordia discors* that bewilders the toilet-table ; whilst from the “near” hind-bedpost hangs a circle of promiscuous petticoats, thrown thither, lasso-fashion, on the previous night, when its fair owner had shuffled off this mortal coil of underclothing.

For the rest, a coquettish little hat, bird-breasted and bewitching, lies upon a neigh-

bouring chair, the inflexible back of which is draped with a tartan shawl of the clan McGregor ; and over the hearthrug are scattered, broadcast, silk stockings, two-and-threepenny garters, and diminutive high-heeled shoes.

So soon as Miss Langham had taken her breakfast—the coffee and egg of matutinal monotony—she turned out of bed and began dressing. The petticoats, each and every of them, were duly adjusted about her trim little waist ; the stockings were rescued from the helpless, distorted attitude into which stockings invariably fall when taken off and sent empty away ; and the shoes, whose toes had hitherto been turned disconsolately in to each other, were now made merry with the life and motion of feminine feet. Lastly, the back-hair was promoted to head-quarters, and a fresh white dressing-robe being belted about her person, the young lady was in a sufficiently advanced stage of toilet to appear before her

fellow-creatures. (That the reader has been permitted to attend the dress rehearsal—to enact Actæon, without in any wise “going to the dogs” in consequence—is one of the many advantages accruing to those who are the companions of a novelist through his pages. For the privileges of the Press are manifold and beautiful.)

Five months have passed by since Miss Langham forsook her uncle’s hostelry at Abingdon. The move from country to town was a momentous one, and the change it had worked in our friend Phœbe almost appeared as a transformation. So, at least, it might strike a superficial observer; but in reality this transformation was simply a development. As a rule, granted a pretty face, warm fancy, quick wit, unschooled passions, and no education (secular or sectarian) to speak of, and the chances are that the possessor of these will either make an early and ill-considered match with

the first available fellow-fool of her own class —will very imprudently marry the barber—or that a worse thing will befall her; that she will play Semele to some errant Jupiter, scorching her wings, and peradventure becoming martyr to an unpremeditated offspring.

In Phœbe's case, as we have seen, exceptional circumstances saved her from either of the issues we have mentioned. The inevitable love affair had arisen, but it had resulted neither in marriage nor betrayal. From the Semele point of view, *il vaut mieux se marier que de brûler*, doubtless holds good; but happy the Jupiter who can avoid both burnt-offering and the sacrifice at that other altar where so many tragedies have been initiated! Between such Scylla and Charybdis Richard Eliot's good angel had guided him.

Coming to London, Phœbe had sought out her kinswoman, whom she found to be an elderly female of dried-up sympathies

and a wisdom wholly worldly. At first this lady was not over well disposed to admit the claims of her young relative; but when the manageress of the Paragon showed so decided a predilection for her, and when Phœbe herself evinced such unwonted abilities as an actress, the good woman's views naturally underwent a change in her favour. The light of success brings one's virtues into such astonishing relief that a person must be blind indeed who fails to remark them. Mrs. Mardle, the boxkeeper, began to feel quite a lively interest in Phœbe Langham, and not a few people thought well to follow her example.

For her success was past question. After three months' careful schooling at the theatre, Miss Fanny Lancaster (so she was called on the stage) had been permitted to make her maiden venture, whereupon even Mr. Scrubb, of the *Weekly Wash*, had smiled approval.

A prepossessing appearance, power of mimicry, and the rare gift of self-forgetfulness whilst personating a part, secured her a victory where a hundred aspirants encounter defeat. And this triumph had somewhat intoxicated her, as well, indeed, it might. From a drudge and a nobody at an obscure country tavern she suddenly found herself the pet and praise of a London theatre. Such rapid rises are exceptional, but not unprecedented—witness, Nell Gwynne; and if, in the swiftness of ascent, a girl should lose her head, and become a trifle giddy, it is scarce to be wondered at. Phœbe abandoned herself to her new life and its allurements—its “roses and raptures”—with characteristic ease and freedom. Her creed was that of Sardanapalus—in fact, Phœbe herself was a Sardanapalus in petticoats.

“Eat, drink, and love—what shall the rest avail us?
So spake the royal sage, Sardanapalus.”

As for her patroness, Helen Zelzah, half-a-dozen words may at present suffice. Nominally, she was the manageress of the Paragon Theatre ; but then the Paragon Theatre was the private hobby of a private gentleman —or rather, nobleman. Phœbe's patroness had, therefore, a patron ; and, if the reader should query “*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*” we can but answer Lord Langsyne. According to popular rumour, Miss Helen was the daughter of a Greek Jew, and she was half-Greek, half-Jewish, in appearance. A magnificent creature, without doubt ; full of fierce colour and tropic passion :

“A goddess,
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious boddice !”

His lordship, satirising her size and parentage, was wont to call her “the Greek particle ;” whilst little De Witt, of the *Laughing Jackass*, had nicknamed her “Helen of Troy-weight.” Her private

residence was the house whereat we now find Phœbe Langham, Elysium Place being a favourite haunt of actresses of her order, and of that modern dryad, the St. John's Wood-nymph. Here Phœbe was in charge during Ma'm'selle's absence in Paris, the Paragon having closed its doors for the brief Easter recess.

When Miss Langham left her bedroom, which was on the first-floor back, she went into the sitting-room, on the first-floor front. Here the two French windows were thrown open upon the line of balcony that contains the perennially blooming flower-pots of Elysium Place. Some half-dozen or so of these Covent Garden captives had become the property of Mademoiselle Zelzah, and it was a harmless and rational amusement of hers (as of Phœbe's, when at No. 19) to step out upon this balcony and pass an *al fresco* half-hour in trimming and watering her

potted prisoners. Indeed, Elysium Place generally was proud of its flower show, and manifested its pride in the openest manner, choosing such times for horticultural employment as saw the roadway beneath most animated ; whereby opportunity was afforded its charming tenants of evincing their indifference to the eyes of men.

The congregation of St. Kold Without had just been emancipated as Miss Phœbe issued, watering-pot in hand, from the first-floor windows. The happy release had also taken place in other local churches, and the road was brilliant with “best” bonnets, shiny boots, glossy hats, and similar Lord’s-day observances. In the faces of these freed men and women was a look of subdued relief, as of delinquents dismissed with a caution. The Reverend Luke Warmer had let them off easily ; and even if, in some cases, there had been a fine to the poor-box, the amount was

optional, and therefore unfelt. What a blessing is liberty of religion !

Miss Langham, then, watered her plants and watched the passers-by. First came, two-and-two, like the animals of the Ark, the young gentlemen of Doctor O'Lypus's classical academy, the minor members of which were dangerously overweighted with top-heavy "tall" hats. These were followed by the young Scotch surgeon, Roland McCassar, and his three freckled sisters. Next appeared that noted and noble bankrupt, the Honourable Robin Hood, proclaimed an outlaw from time to time these ever so many years, but who (Sunday being a *dies non*) had ventured over from Boulogne with his constant friend, philosopher, and guide, Monsieur D'Iable—a blacker sheep even than himself. This precious pair had not been to church by any means, but were drifting to and fro with wistful, wan-

dering eyes (as who should suffer from drought in the desert), until one o'clock might make an oasis unto them of the first public-house. Donna Diviani, the great contralto, came next ; a lady, fair, fat, and fortyish, who had been assisting at a local High Church service, and who, passing herself off as Spanish, was yet as genuine a German as Hans Breitmann ; hence the wits had dubbed her *Donna Wetter*. Close behind her swaggered that consciously 'cute citizen, Vesuvius P. Troleum, of Upper Ten Street, New York, and Stonewall Villa, St. John's Wood ; one of the elect that had "struck ile," and thus had greatness thrust upon him ; whilst at his heels shuffled old Sir Poppingham Pawn and his lady, attended by a colossal footman bearing their prayer-books, on which were legibly emblazoned the family arms—Three balls *or*, supported by

duplicates *proper*, with the motto, “PLEDGE ME,” in scroll beneath.

After a while our Juliet in the balcony grew weary of watching the gradually slackening stream of life as it flowed away under her, and turned to re-enter the room. There had been a supper-party given by Lord Langsyne on the previous night, whereat most of the actors and actresses of the Paragon were guests, besides sundry bachelor intimates of the host. His Lordship was noted for his entertainments, which were of manifold sorts and sizes—from the most private and confidential dinners *à deux*, to republican feeds like the present.

“Let us have wine and women, love and laughter ;
Sermons and soda-water the day after.”

Such had been the unwritten *mot d'ordre* of this Saturday night's assembly ; and now that the day after was come, Phœbe recognised an appropriateness in soda-water

which had failed to strike her on the previous evening. “ I should like to live in a land of no next morning ! ” reflected the young person, grimacing over her glass of Schweppe.

At one o’clock she sat down, with what appetite she might, to a cutlet and a bottle of pale-ale, taking her tiffin at a small table near the open window, from which she could command a view of whatsoever of interest passed in the roadway beneath or in the houses opposite. An over-whiskered individual, from a balcony across the way, began ogling her, and striving his utmost to attract her attention ; but after one cool, critical glance in his direction, the lady resumed her meal with an air of provoking unconsciousness. At two she adjourned to her bedroom to dress for the day, and at three she reappeared armed *cap-à-pie*.

Whoso had known Phœbe Langham in

the old days, at the Goose and Gridiron—a tangle-haired, untidy girl in a short print dress, given to daring attitudes over the billiard table (and the consequent display of darned stockings)—would scarce have recognised her as the same person that now appears before us. Here was a slim, elegantly-clad young woman, gloved, and booted, and bonneted with an art which was nothing if not Parisian. Nor was the improvement merely external. Phœbe was a keen observer, and an unusually quick learner, and in six months she had acquired the air and tone of the better society about her with a quite surprising completeness. Happily, moreover, she possessed a naturally pleasant voice, without any trace of coarseness or vulgarity in her accent. Some voices there be that no amount of education can tutor to refinement. Whatever they may say is spoiled in the utterance, no

matter how purely classic *per se* the expression ; so that, in such mouths, even “that blessed word Mesopotamia” would have a suggestion of Billingsgate.

“Did you please to ring, miss ?” asked the housekeeper, appearing at the doorway in answer to Phœbe’s summons.

“Yes, Mrs. Minns ; I’m going out. Will you send Betsy for a hansom ?”

“Cert’ny, miss ; she shall go d’rectly.”

“And if,” continued Phœbe, who had a quick eye for horseflesh, “if that little black with the white stocking is on the rank, tell her to bring him ; he’s the best of the whole string.”

“Little black with—— ! I don’t think there’s a culler’d man — leastways, not a nigger—among ’em, miss.”

Phœbe laughed outright.

“I didn’t mean the driver, Mrs. Minns I was speaking of the horse.”

"Beg parding, I'm sure, miss. Only, you know, there *is* some folks as fancies black pussons. As for me, I never could abide 'em. No, nor yet childring," added the housekeeper, flying off at a vindictive tangent. "Childring? No, miss, I can't bear 'em!"

That beautiful retort of Mrs. Partington's—"maybe if you *could*, you'd like 'em better!"—arose to Phœbe's lips, but she found sufficient self-control to refrain from uttering it.

"I'm going to the Zoological Gardens, Mrs. Minns," said she.

"Oh, indeed, miss! You hev' got a order, then?"

"No, I've not. But I mean to go, all the same."

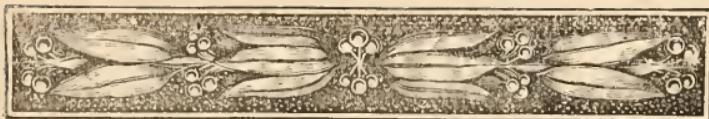
"But they won't let folks into the Gardings of a Sunday without one, miss—no, not if you was ever so!"

“ Well, we shall see,” answered Phœbe, with a smile of airy confidence; and the hansom having been sent for, she descended with Mrs. Minns to the ground-floor, whence, five minutes later, she embarked for Regent’s Park.

“ I’ve seen a many on ‘em,” soliloquised the housekeeper, blinking in the broad sun-light after the retreating cab, “ but I never seed anythink more sweetly pretty than her —never! An’ yet I doubt she’s a artful one. I doubt she is ; I doubt she is !”

So saying, and feeling the sun too powerful upon her false front, Mrs. Minns retired into the house, made herself comfortable in Mademoiselle’s easiest chair, and slept the sleep of the just—that is, the just dined.





CHAPTER II.

MAN AND BEAST.

THIS may possibly be asked by the reader (who haply is a model of constancy, steadfast to a fault) whether Phœbe Langham had wholly forgotten our hero, Richard Eliot? and, for the honour of her sex, we may answer that Time had been powerless to efface his image from her heart—albeit, six months had blurred it most abominably. His face still dwelt in her memory, and, had she been an artist, she could have reproduced it—with an accuracy that would have defied the recognition of his own mother. And yet she

believed in the fidelity of her impressions (as, indeed, we are most of us apt so to believe, long after they have begun to waver and wax faint), and would have felt hurt had it been hinted they were less fresh to-day than yesterday. But youth is proverbially inconstant; and in these plastic times, when girls get “engaged,” with a facility only equalled by the ease wherewith their engagements are broken, our last year’s loves are like last year’s snows. A little while they remain with us; but presently they dwindle and pass, and the place thereof knows them no more. Phœbe thought of Dick still—when she thought at all; but in her new world of action and excitement thinking was not greatly encouraged, and so unsophisticated an attachment as that she had borne our hero could hardly hope to hold its ground. Wherefore there was no unduly obtrusive *arrière-pensée* regarding

the past to hamper her conduct in the present.

* * * *

The animal magnetism, the brute force, or whatever it be, which was wont to draw so considerable a section of fashionable London to the Zoological Gardens on every fine Sunday in the season, proved unusually strong on the eventful afternoon that Miss Langham alighted from her hansom at the main gateway. She had chosen her time happily. A small crowd of well-dressed men was clustered round the entry at the moment of her appearance, which attracted their general attention.

“How much, if you please?” inquired Phœbe, guilelessly producing her purse, as the gentlemen, one after another, gave way to allow her to pass to the wicket.

“No admittance by payment on a Sunday, miss,” said the gatekeeper; “Subscribers’ orders only.”

"Oh, dear, *dear*, how tiresome!" sighed Phœbe, with an air of the prettiest despair. "What a dreadful nuisance!"

A murmur of sympathy went through the circle of admiring swelldom, like the vague stirring of wind amid October leaves, and the next instant Phœbe was aware of a stammering, flush-faced young fellow, hat in hand, holding out a ticket for her acceptance.

"If you'll do me the honour of taking my order," began he, blushing painfully at his own politeness, and feeling a hot hatred of his surrounding fellow-men, who gazed at him with fixed, stony eyes, as uncomfotting as those the dead sailors turned upon the Ancient Mariner.

"Oh, thanks a thousand times!" answered Phœbe, with a smile; "but I couldn't think of depriving any one of his ticket."

"Not at all!" exclaimed the young man,

becoming feeble and conventional in his confusion. “I assure——”

“Allow me, sir,” said a quietly emphatic voice from behind ; and before he could collect his senses sufficiently to reply, a tall, keen-eyed man had passed in front of him, wholly eclipsing Phœbe from his sight.

“Johnson, give me a sheet of paper,” said the stranger.

“Yes, Sir Oliver, certainly,” answered the wicket-keeper, putting writing materials on the ledge before him, and following the rapid movement of his pen with deferential eyes.

“There’s your authority for this lady’s admission. And now” (turning to Phœbe with an easy bow) “if you’ll accept my escort into the gardens, we’ll get out of this crowd.”

Phœbe smiled an assent, and the two passed together through the gateway, leaving the witnesses of their withdrawal, like the

“Græmes of the Netherby clan,” to follow as best they might.

The stranger who had thus befriended Miss Langham was a man of four or five-and-thirty, with a bare, brown face, strongly-marked features, and eyes keen and steady as a Breton pilot’s. He was carelessly, almost negligently dressed, but his garments fitted with a certain easy grace characteristic of the wearer. Five feet eleven of strong, sinewy manhood had Sir Oliver Ely to commend him to women’s favour ; to say nothing of the eight thousand per annum he had inherited with his title. For a dozen years he had been an Ishmaelite on the face of the earth, wandering, rifle in hand, over all the happier hunting-grounds of either hemisphere. In the Australian bush, in the American backwoods, in Indian jungles and African deserts,—wherever the “big game” was to be found and followed—Oliver Ely had made

his way and won his laurels, looking Death in the face so often and so unflinchingly that he had fairly stared him out of countenance.

This kind of thing, however, was not destined to continue. A fatal railway accident to a stay-at-home cousin recalled the wanderer back to England, where rank and fortune, and the open arms of society, were waiting to give him welcome. "The Noble Savage," as he was familiarly called, became tamed and civilised ; but somewhat of the old wildness lingered in his heart. The devil of unrest was not dead, but slumbered.

"What's your particular vanity in the way of animals ?" began Sir Oliver, as a prelude to conversation, having completed that process of mental arithmetic regarding Phœbe known as "reckoning up" a person.

"My particular vanity ? Oh, I don't know. Is it necessary a woman should have any vanity at all ?"

“No ; by no means *necessary*—and yet she has it. But then, you see, women don’t recognise the law of necessity.”

“Necessity has no law,” answered Phœbe, demurely.

“Oh, that’s one of those wretched copy-book platitudes, good for nothing but to teach children to make capital N’s. You and I know better. I’ve seen women of all colours and countries—without youth, without beauty, and (Lord deliver us !) without clothing. But I never yet saw one without vanity !”

“You’ve been abroad ?” said Phœbe, looking up at him.

“A little.”

“Did you ever see a live lion ?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, but a loose live lion, I mean ?”

“Yes.”

“Oh my ! What did you do ?”

“Shot him.”

“What, the lion?”

“Yes. I was obliged. You see he might have mauled me if I hadn’t.”

“You must be very brave,” said Phœbe, simply.

Sir Oliver laughed outright.

“Not a bit! I was scared out of my wits at the moment, and dreamt about the brute for a fortnight afterwards. However, I got used to ‘em in time.”

“Oh, I say! Fancy getting used to loose lions! Let’s go and look at one now.”

So they went to the cages, and the young lady expressed all the pretty terror of the animal that became her age and sex. Suddenly some one touched her companion on the shoulder.

“Oscar Dale, by all that’s unexpected! How goes it, mate? Thought you’d gone

back to your native turnips. Let me introduce you to Miss—Mackenzie.”

The baronet coolly brought out the first name that came into his head, not caring that his friend should know how slight his acquaintance with Phœbe really was. The latter, however, took a different view of the matter, and declined to accept the *alias* offered her.

“No ; to Miss Lancaster, if you please ! I always like to tell the truth on a Sunday.”

“The True and the Beautiful are one,” said the new comer, bowing to Phœbe, and glancing mischievously at Ely.

“Thank’ee for the compliment. ’Tis one, isn’t it ? I was just saying what a jolly awful animal this lion here looks. Don’t you think so ?”

“Yes, indeed, Miss Lancaster ! I believe, with Bottom, ‘there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.’ ”

“Who was Bottom ?” inquired Phœbe.

“A weaver !”

“Is *that* all ? I don’t like weavers. I like lions, though. Your friend here has been telling me a lot about them. And only fancy ! he’s seen ‘em running about loose ! Did he never tell you ? I say—didn’t you ever tell him ?”

Phœbe, standing between the two gentlemen, looked up from one to the other with an air of the liveliest interest, turning her head with a little bird-like action of inquiry that irresistibly amused and attracted them both.

“Miss Lancaster,” said Sir Oliver, “you mustn’t repeat my stories : Dale will think I’ve been bragging. Let’s find a clearing of some sort where we can settle down and see who’s who. My friend can tell you more of the London lions than I can of the African ones. There’s a seat yonder, I believe.”

The trio accordingly took possession of three adjacent chairs, and set themselves to studying and criticising their fellow-creatures. All the “Sunday best” of the West End seemed gathered together on this especial May afternoon. Beauty, rank, and fashion passed and repassed, and shifted before their eyes like the colours of a kaleidoscope. Men and women of every kind and condition—the *monde* and the *demi-monde*, patrician and *parvenu*, middle-class gigability and retired slopsellerism, actors, authors, artists, barristers, members of Parliament, and members of the Stock Exchange—these, and a hundred similar types of humanity chattered, nodded, flirted, smiled, caused and discussed scandal, as they went bowing and brushing by each other beneath the lidless, unwinking eye of the sun, while the green trees around waved and whispered, and the birds sang amid the

leaves, as cheerfully as though the grim, smoky giant London were dead and distant as Sodom or Gomorrah.

“Who’s that young lady over there, Mr. Dale?” asked Phœbe of her left-hand neighbour. “That *very* dressed young lady with the jewellery, I mean.”

“*Young* lady! Why, bless you! she’s five-and-thirty if she’s a day; and, what with her rings and chains, and bangles and bracelets, she looks as though she carried weight-for-age. Regard the bonnet! Did you ever see such a prodigal flower-show?”

“It’s like one’s grandmother’s garden,” observed Phœbe.

“Or Titania’s bank, whereon the wild thyme blows, where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows—not to mention the lush woodbine and the rest of it.”

“Yes; but who is she?”

“She’s the great Irish heiress,” answered

Oscar Dale, calmly, not knowing her from Adam ; “ Miss Ann O’Dominy.”

“ Heiress, is she ?” echoed Phœbe. “ Ah, that accounts for the many men about her ! I wish I was an heiress.”

“ Like the lady yonder ?” queried Sir Oliver.

“ Well, n-no ! I think not.”

“ I think not too, Miss Lancaster. You’re better as you are—much !”

(Phœbe met the speaker’s eyes as he looked down at her, and a little glow of feminine triumph deepened the colour in her cheek. “ So ho, Sir Lion-Killer !” whispered she to herself, “ you’re not quite so strong as I took you to be.”)

“ See that couple coming along on the grass there, Miss Lancaster ?” suddenly asked Mr. Dale, in whom the spirit of mischief was apparently roused to activity. “ That’s a brace of the richest in all England. Oh,

they are brutally rich ! It's myself would like a tithe of their tin, anyhow !”

“ They ain't very well dressed, at all events,” said Phœbe, contemptuously, but experiencing an inward, irrepressible feeling of awe as she gazed upon these supposed lords of lucre.

“ No, they're not. But then, you see, they are City men, and don't know any better. Besides, they can afford to dress badly. The tall one is Baron Babel (lives somewhere near the Tower, I believe) ; t'other's Mark Lane, the stockbroker.”

“ And those two just behind them ?”

“ The fellow nearest us is young Spoonbill, the banker's son. Little idiot ! he's going to the devil, *via* the Jews, as fast as he can. The outside man I don't know.”

“ Outsider's Lieutenant Woolsey—Lyndsay Woolsey, of the 5th,” said Sir Oliver. “ Quartered at Aldershot now. I won a

monkey of him last Leger. Father's a draper; cad in Cheapside. What's the time, Dale? People seem to be going."

"Quarter to five. By Jove! I must be off. Got to dine with Aunt Dorothy, to-day, worse luck! We shall have hot sherry and cold plates, and a breast of mutton such as Pelham describes—all bone and gristle, like the Dying Gladiator. Miss Lancaster, I hope we may meet again. I shall hold Ely responsible for the furtherance of our acquaintance. Bye-bye, Noll!"

"What a jolly fellow!" exclaimed Phœbe, glancing after Mr. Dale. "Is he an old friend of yours?"

"Oscar? Yes. He used to black my boots at Eton, and we pulled together in the same eight at Oxford. Oh, he's a decent fellow, Dale is! Shall we walk a little?"

"Well, I think I must be going. If you'll be kind enough to see me into a hansom?"

Sir Oliver was quite willing to see his companion into a cab, but by no means minded to see her depart from him without leaving behind her some indication of her wonted whereabouts. Phœbe's comely face, facile manners, and a certain piquant mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in her speech had attracted him not a little. Much intercourse with heathen peoples and outer barbarians, by whom woman is unregarded save as an article of barter and exchange, had seriously affected his views as to the proper relation of the sexes ; and he saw no reason why this pleasant chance acquaintanceship should not ripen into a yet more pleasing intimacy.

“ If you really must go, of course I'll get you a cab. But when may I hope to see you again, Miss Lancaster ? Do you care at all about rowing, riding, driving, or anything of that sort ? ”

“ I like 'em all,” answered Phœbe, who

was learning to be catholic in her affections,
“ ‘specially driving.”

“ Ah ! I’ve a new pair of greys I want to try in my trap—will you take a turn in the Park to-morrow ? May I call for you to-morrow ?”

Phœbe hesitated. The woman who hesitates is lost—and won.

“ Have you a pencil ?” said she, twirling her parasol—a wonderful white affair, as full of flounces as a maternal ball-dress.

Sir Oliver handed her a small note-book, and Phœbe hastily scribbled three or four lines on a blank leaf.

“ There’s my address. I shall be at home at three.”

* * * * *

Sir Oliver Ely and Miss Phœbe Langham (or Fanny Lancaster as she now named herself) appeared on the morrow in the Park.

The greys went well together, and the lady and gentleman returned mutually satisfied with their airing. A day or two later they were seen in the drive again ; and thence-forward, until the end of the season, the well-appointed turn-out of the young baronet was not unfrequently made more noteworthy by the presence of the fair-haired Phœbe at its owner's side.

“The Noble Savage” was fascinated. Big men have been the notorious slaves of pretty women time out of mind. Whether it be Hercules, toiling and spinning, and occasionally corrected with the dainty little sandal of his Lydian mistress ; whether it be Samson with his fool’s head in Delilah’s lap, or whether it be “Mrs. Crawley’s husband” (as Lord Steyne contemptuously termed honest Rawdon), blindly subservient to his better half, Becky—it matters not. The moral (save the mark !) is the same. Woman may

be “the lesser man,” but of a surety she is the greater genius.

And yet—oh, short-sighted and suicidal generation!—there is an agitation abroad to give these gifted ones a wider education. An agitation! To the thoughtful the very idea is agitation enough! Did not woman pluck of the Tree of Knowledge once, and do we not suffer for it to this day? Was not the fall of man the consequence? and shall we let her get at the fruit again? Go to, ye fools! An ye have eggs to suck, suck ‘em, and be satisfied; but beware teaching your grandmothers to do likewise!

“Who is it that fellow Ely always has with him nowadays?” asked little Telemachus of Mentor, his father’s friend, and his own philosopher and guide.

“Lor’ bless me! don’t you know?” quoth the old gentleman, turning his pedagoggle eyes on his young pupil. “Why, that’s the

Circassian woman he fished out of a sack when he was canoeing it up the Bosphorus ! Gad, sir ! I've seen the henna on her finger-nails myself. They say she'd eat nothing but Turkey-sugar and Lumps of Delight at first ; but now, damme ! she'll dine like the best of us—can tell a French olive from a Spanish one, and—and—in fact's become as good a Christian as you or I!"

These, and fifty equally authentic rumours, were circulated about our heedless young friend Phœbe. By only a few was she identified with Miss Fanny Lancaster, of the Paragon ; whilst no more than three or four of Sir Oliver's most intimate associates (amongst whom was Oscar Dale) were aware that the highly desirable villa residence known as the Laurels, Daphne Road, W., was rented by the baronet and tenanted by his *protégée*. Let us hasten, however, to state, in the interests of propriety, that Mrs.

Mardle, Phœbe's aunt, held the place of house-keeper, whereby the Cerberus of scandal was, in a measure, muzzled. Were we writing for a French audience, we would at once explain how delicate was the relationship established between the lady and gentleman ; but did we venture to do so for the British public, we should set a world of glass householders stone-throwing. We are a violently virtuous people, and one fears the slings and arrows of outrageous prudery. We may be told of a Pamela, but we stop our ears at mention of a Manon Lescaut ; and, accepting Mr. Collins's New Magdalen—his Mercy Merrick, in whom truth to nature and tribute to morality are at least equally apparent—we turn aghast at such a person as Mr. Rossetti's “Jenny.”





CHAPTER III.

TOWN TALK.

AMAY afternoon sun, peeping over a sooty wilderness of housetops, sends a slanting ray into the dingy back-room of a first-floor in Fleet Street. The contents of this room, exclusive of the sun-beam just mentioned, are cocoanut matting (some four yards square), an official-looking table, with desk, drawers, and waste-paper basket, three old chairs, and five young men.

Four of the latter are smoking. The fifth, (O'Hara, an Admiralty clerk) doesn't smoke. He reads his last magazine article instead

and thinks it repays perusal. O'Hara has original opinions—this is one of them.

To his right sits Bobby Larkspur, of the theatre—theatrical. Bobby (everybody calls him Bobby) was formerly in a crack cavalry regiment, but he forsook the army for the stage, exchanging (as he explains) from light-horse to footlights. He has genuine comedy talent, and a knack of sketching wildly grotesque figures, with exaggerated heads, hands, and pedal development, which last ability brings him on the staff of the *Laughing Jackass*.

The three remaining gentlemen are playing pitch-penny. The first is Dick Eliot, the second Edward East, the third Oscar Dale. To them enter De Witt, the editor; Mr. Maccaboy, the Scotch cartoon artist; and the Reverend Zerrubbabel Emms, the gifted being who usually wrote those mysteriously explanatory cartoon-verses with which

the *Laughing Jackass* weekly confused and intimidated its readers.

“Worst of the parson,” would say De Witt, “is that mania he has for introducing animals and animal allusions into his political poems—hideous references to horned beasts and odious comparisons with prowling carnivora ! Not only does he show the cloven *hoof* on every occasion, but claw, paw, tusks, and talons are equally apparent in his verses. It isn’t merely that the trail of the serpent is over them all ; but, hang it ! the trail and track of every known reptile and quadruped appear as well. To say how many *feet* his lines may contain is simply impossible. There the dactyl goes forth with the leopard, and the lion lies down with the spondee ; the strophe sports freely with the steinbok, and the antistrophe with the antelope. To *his* muse, sir, the terms leonine verse and dog-grel have a special application ; and I assure

you that the one end and aim of his existence is to see realised his suggestion for a cartoon in which the members of Parliament shall be represented going to the 'House' in the diverse forms and shapes of the animals entering the Ark. To furnish text for such a design is his dearest and most cherished ambition.—Ain't it funny?"

Thus De Witt, a clever and genial man of some six-and-thirty years, with whose constitution a rough-and-tumble journalistic life on either side of the Atlantic had played the very mischief. He was the comic writer *ab ovo usque ad mala*, unrelieved and persistent, hardened and incorrigible. Continually punning, he said many good things, and many more indifferent ones. The bells of his jester's cap were everlastingly in motion, and now and again it would happen they jingled in tune. A verbal contortionist of the most acute description, his word-play at first amused,

then bewildered, and finally wearied or provoked. In his own especial department, however, he stood *per se*; and, moreover, was one of the kindest-hearted men in London.

“Now, then, gentlemen!” exclaimed he, setting down his hat on the table, and emptying into it the contents of the letter-box, delivered him by the office-boy from below; “if you’ll please to pick up the halfpence, and give over gambling, we’ll get to business. No man can touch pitch-and-toss and be undefiled; remember that, Eliot.”

“Oh, but we don’t call this pitch-and-toss. A fico for the phrase! This is merely turning an honest penny—see!”

And Dick spun a coin into the air, crying, as he caught it—

“East, I owe you fourpence.”

“True, dear child. “We’ll take it out in

beer after the meeting—drown our little difference in the bowl."

"Wasteful expenditure!" quoth De Witt.

"Riotous living!" exclaimed Dale.

"Fritter away fourpence!" sighed Larkspur. "Ah, Teddy East, Teddy East! When you're languishing on skilly in the casual ward at Lambeth, with nothing nicer than a *Pall Mall* contributor for a neighbour, you'll think over this day's extravagance, and be sorry. There'll be no more purple and fine linen, then!"

This ingenious allusion to the young artist's obvious flannel shirt, dark-hued and weather-worn, provoked an involuntary laugh, in which its owner good-humouredly joined. Chaff, verbal and personal, was too much the daily diet of the staff of the *Laughing Jackass* to disagree with any of them.

As soon as a sufficiency of chairs had been borrowed of the housekeeper to provide all

with seats, the question of the next week's cartoon was introduced by the editor, and an animated discussion ensued. Those who had previously bethought them of suggestions submitted their notions to the meeting, and the meeting made whatever amendments or additions to the original idea the inspiration of the moment elicited. A subject was at length decided on—to the infinite relief of the editor; minor matters were arranged ; and the assembly gradually dissolved. The Reverend Zerrubbabel Emms, conscious of a waiting wife and dinner, went home to what he called “the arid north”—meaning Highgate. Mr. Dale (who had merely looked in for half-an-hour’s gossip) betook himself to his club in Pall Mall ; whilst O’Hara departed to expostulate with Mr. English, the theatrical agent in Garrick Street, on the continual non-acceptance of his five-act comedy.

“ ‘ Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ? ’ ” quoted Larkspur, addressing De Witt. “ Let us to the Mitre.”

“ Methinks we *mitre’s* well. Come Mr. Maccaboy—you’ll go with us !”

“ Nae, Meester Aiditor, gin ye’ll ex-cuse me, I winna. I’ve a sairtain amoont o’wark atween the noo an’ the morrn, an’ its deil a drap I’ll tak’ i’ the face o’t !”

“ Oh, nonsense, Mr. Maccaboy !

‘ Surely you’ll be your stoup too
And surely I’ll be mine ?’

Come ! you can’t resist the appeal of your own poet.”

Mr. Maccaboy, however, was inflexible ; and, having bid “ gude e’en ” to the thirsty Southrons, went soberly home to his lodgings in Camberwell.

“ What a thorough Scotchman that man is !” exclaimed Eliot, as the door closed upon

the artist. "Have you heard Oscar Dale's last story about him?"

"No; what is it?"

"Why, you know, there's been a good deal of distress in the North this past winter, and many canny Scots have crossed the border and come south in consequence. Amongst the rest, it seems that certain poor relatives and early intimates of Maccaboy's, hearing rare accounts of their friend's prosperity in London, came and sought him out for assistance' sake. This troubled Maccaboy sorely. On the one hand was the Scotchman's hereditary duty to his kith, kin, and cousins in the remotest degree; on the other, the Scotchman's hereditary attachment to his siller and himself. Maccaboy, as you know, is a careful man and a cautious. Not venturing to take the responsibility of disregarding the claims of friendship on his own shoulders, he brought the matter before his Debating

Society (the Caledonian Cogers), and proposed as a subject of discussion Burns' line—

‘*Should auld acquaintance be forgot?*’

Characteristic, wasn't it? And now let us go beer.”





CHAPTER IV.

MORE TOWN TALK.

OUR hero had gained his point in obtaining his father's sanction to a sojourn in London. Mr. Eliot's notion was that his son should thus have the opportunity of seeing somewhat of the world, and thereafter (at the end of the long vacation) return to his interrupted studies at Oxford. Chambers—to be shared with East—were found him in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, whereat the two young men were alike students ; Dick in the Reading Room, his friend amongst the sculpture. For Mr. Eliot had made the

latter's fortunes the object of his special concern, providing him with a variety of commissions from his manifold acquaintances ; whilst Oscar Dale secured him an engagement to draw half-page cuts and illustrate Dick's verses for the *Laughing Jackass*. Wherefore Miss Fanny Woodrow had begun to dream of orange blossoms, and would wake, six mornings out of the seven, blushing like Aurora.

Of Dick's heart-mistress, Margaret Oglevie, glimpses from time to time were obtained him, albeit the circle in which she now moved was somewhat remote from his own. Mrs. Beresford Earl, her aunt, was a woman of fashion, and "that young newspaper fellow—your Fleet Street friend, my dear"—was regarded with nothing more than polite toleration by those of Belgravia. Such negative regard Dick was unsophisticated enough to resent, having, it may be,

exaggerated ideas of the social consideration due to literature and its followers, whereof Mrs. Beresford Earl knew little and cared less. His feeling, indeed, was akin to that of Will Ladislaw when complaining that people called him an adventurer, who were themselves in a state of brutal ignorance concerning Dante. But, although Margaret's aunt might calmly confound Ben Jonson with the lion of Mrs. Thrale's tea-parties, and Francis Bacon with the Franciscan of that name ; although in the vexed question of the authorship of "Homer" she might secretly incline to favour Pope ; whereas (being deeply versed in the genealogy of the peerage) her only recognition of his contemporary, Addison, was as the person with whom the Dowager Countess of Warwick made so undesirable a match—although, we say, Mrs. Beresford Earl might thus be slightly deficient, she was, nevertheless, a clever and

clear-visioned woman of the world, by no means confusing Lord Langsyne with his brother the Honourable George, and having a keen appreciation of the difference in their respective rent-rolls. Hence, whilst Richard Eliot (a young man of decent family, it is true, but the son of a simple country gentleman) was not overwhelmed with any excessive warmth of welcome, Mr. Dale, of Idlewild, had claims on the affections of society which could be more clearly recognised, and therefore was frequently invited to meet his “neighbour from Norfolk,” Miss Oglevie. Which fact disturbed poor Dick not a little, breeding in him jealous, and occasionally unjust, suspicions.

At this time the greater part of the day was spent by our hero in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Here he would labour and do all that he had to do; lean back in his seat, and gaze in poetic reverie at

the skylight ; often feel awed and humiliated in the society of so many books ; and now and then adjourn to the shades below, where grave and scholarly men, Minerva's owls, flitted to and fro through the classic twilight, sparsely indulging in malt liquors, and furtively browsing on the hilarious Abernethy biscuit. Will ever a day come, we wonder, when Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and Light—“God's eldest daughter,” as old Fuller beautifully calls it*—shall penetrate the Stygian gloom of this refreshment-room, and make it less like a condemned cell ?

At other hours his studies would be interrupted by little De Witt, an *habitué* of the Library, like himself. The volatile nature of this gentleman would occasionally

* We have here mentioned Fuller as “old” Fuller, even as our betters have done before us. But why ? Fuller was but just fifty when he died, and scarce five-and-thirty when he published his “Holy and Profane State.” Wherefore “old” then ? How would one like to be called so one’s self ? “De mortuis,” etc.

get the better of his sense of decorum. One severely literary lady, much soiled with snuff and ink, and usually carrying a quill pen in her tight, vindictive mouth (in addition to that with which she filled up her innumerable book-tickets), was especially scandalised by his conduct. De Witt, it appears, had once surveyed her with the leaden disc given him by the coat-keeper in return for his umbrella, stuck, like a glass, in his eye, and the leaden paper-weight inserted, like Pandean pipes, in the top of his waistcoat. His defence for this was—firstly, that she had provoked him to it; secondly, that he was secretly encouraged by the chief librarian; and thirdly, that he would be called into question by no man.

It may be that hitherto we have hardly sufficiently insisted on the ability which our hero indubitably possessed—ability which has steadily grown with his growth and

strengthened with his strength. Moreover, the past month or two had given a decided impetus to his powers. There are some writers like Goldsmith—"a plant that flowered late," as Johnson said ; others that seem to spring into life and activity as Minerva from the brain of Jove, fully formed and equipped. Of such appeared Dick Eliot. A vigorous and fertile imagination, quick humour, and keen poetic sensibility, rendered his verses and sketches exceptionally readable ; and, aided by Mr. Dale's introductions, he soon found himself in request as a contributor, being complacently spoken of by men with a tithe of his talent as an ingenuous young gentleman.

Of course he could not come into notice without exciting a certain amount of envious attention. There are members of the craft—hardened and hackneyed wielders of the pen, who begin their career without originality,

and pursue it without enthusiasm ; book-builders, not architects, and sordid journalistic journeymen—that regard the enrolment of every fresh volunteer in the ranks of literature with selfish and narrow-minded animosity. They argue against the increase of authors as Launcelot argued against the increase of Christians—“we were enow before ; e’en as many as could well live, one by another ;” and just as good Gobbo saw nothing happier in the conversion of Jews than the raising of the price of pork, so, with short-sighted vision, these bigots look upon their newly baptised comrades.

But Dick had begun to think for himself ; to form his own opinions on men and their works ; and to acquire what he fondly fancied to be original ideas, not reflecting that, at the present age of the earth, an original idea is all but an impossibility—the

last probably having been contemporary with the megatherium.

The most that we, “the latest seed of time,” can hope to do is to furnish new dresses for the old thoughts; and even such mere clothing is often not really new, but second-hand, artfully patched or altered.

One June afternoon, as Dick Eliot sat on duty in the scholastic hush of the Museum Library, he was surprised by a visit from Oscar Dale, who came to invite him for a stroll and subsequent dinner.

“Old man, how can I? I promised De Witt to bring some comic ‘copy’ to the Imperial Theatre to-night for Larkspur to illustrate. I’m to meet the pair of them there, in Bobby’s dressing-room, at half-past eight. I dare say De Witt won’t keep his engagement—unless he keep it *waiting*—but, anyhow, I must keep mine.”

“Methinks, Dick, you toil too much.

Consider the lilies, and let the ‘copy’ go hang. You can easily give Bobby his cue for cuts to-night, and write the text for them to-morrow. Besides, I want a walk.”

“ My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse or read ;
So, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead ! ”

Dick allowed himself to be persuaded. Arm-in-arm, the two gentlemen passed under the great portico, and through the gates beyond into the roadway, where the usual disappointed party of “ persons rusti-call ” was being apprised by the policeman of the non-admission of the public on a students’ day.

“ Suppose we offer to treat these honest yokels to Madame Tussaud’s, Dick ? I should think it would be rather interesting to introduce the children of Nature to the Works of Wax.”

“ No doubt. And yet we won’t do it.

I'm selfish, and can't sacrifice the afternoon. No ; we'll go and unbend ourselves in Kensington Gardens, as you proposed."

"Agreed. Listen to the programme, then. First we'll walk as far as the Criterion, and devote ten minutes to beer and beauty. Then we'll take a cab from the Circus to Kensington. At Kensington we'll tarry till six, and at six we'll come back to dinner. Dost like the picture ?"

"I dost."

"*Allons, donc!*"

Kensington Gardens ! The words are full of music to us. They wake a crowd of happy echoes from among the twilight caves and green valleys of memory. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" comes back once more to soften us. We see old faces : we hear old voices. The old love takes us with her eyes again, and lo ! the old, old story trembles at our tongue-tip.

In Kensington Gardens we first met Amaryllis, and sported with her in the shade—having toyed with the tangles of Neæra's hair a week previously, and found them false! In Kensington Gardens we last walked with Pylades—a friend then, a stranger now! In Kensington Gardens we have built castles, and dreamed dreams, and seen visions. There we have gazed at our reflection in the round pond, and cried, “O Narcissus! how we love thee!” There have we felt a boy's ambition “rise in the eyes and falter in the voice;” nor remembered that ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Then have we looked forward and never doubted. (*Now* we doubt, and never look forward.) Then ignorance was bliss, and both were ours. Then that dangerous thing, a little learning, perplexed us not: Genesis was untroubled by geology, and faith in fiction unclouded by a knowledge of fact. Briefly, we were younger.

Dick and his companion, after an hour's quiet strolling in good green wood, sat themselves down on a rustic seat beneath a respectable middle-aged oak. Dick puffed his cigar in dreamful ease, watching, with half-closed eyes, the thin blue smoke as it floated lazily away amid the surrounding trees, and, slowly widening, lost itself in the hazy summer distance.

“Did you ever read Izaak Walton, Dale?”

“Yes ; more or less.”

“Do you remember that chapter on thankfulness—about the twentieth, I think—where, walking with his scholar ‘in the cool shade of the sweet honeysuckle hedge,’ on the way to Tottenham High Cross, he bids us be grateful ‘for flowers, and showers, and stomachs’——”

“And stomachs?”

“‘And meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing?’?”

“ Well ?”

“ Well, I think it is just such things as these that you and I are not half grateful enough for.”

“ Perhaps not. And yet I always profess myself thankful for small mercies—for cigars, and cayenne-pepper, and dinners *en garçon*, and the ability to give the waiter sixpence afterwards without extravagance. I don’t think I’m wholly insensible to minor blessings, Dick.”

“ He was a fine old fellow !”

“ Who—Walton ?”

“ Yes. The man who, living in such troublous, topsy-turvy times as he did, could ‘ trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling,’ and commit no greater indiscretion than the spelling of Isaac with a *z*, was one in a thousand.”

“ Pleasant pastoral old buffer, as you say. But what in the world brings him into your

head now? You don't mean to be quiet, and go a-angling yourself, do you?"

"Not exactly. Only this afternoon I feel in a peaceful, innocent, Arcadian sort of mood—just the humour, in fact, to read honest Izaak, or haply to have some pretty little milkmaid or shepherdess read him to me."

"Ah, yes! I know that feeling about the milkmaids myself. Had it strong sometimes. Rises from overmuch good living, I fancy."

"There are some names," musingly continued Dick, unheeding Dale's remarks, "names, as Charles Lamb says, that carry a perfume in the mention. Izaak Walton is one of them. Kit Marlowe, Michael Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley are others. Lamb gives all these; and, for my part, I would add George Wither, Herrick, Suckling, and Carew to the

list. Alas ! we've no such song-birds in
merrie England now."

"And if we had, do you think folk would attend to them ? They might pipe and pipe all day long, but no one would pay the piper. In this steam-engine age we've lost our ear for music ; or rather the noise of machinery has deafened it. When the song-birds you speak of sang, it was in the cool and quiet of the early morning ; now we've reached a hot, busy, bustling, perspiring noon-tide, and most men are up and doing. If we sing at all, we sing at our work—whistle and drive, in fact. We shout

“‘ Hurrah ! for the rush of the grinding steel,
The thundering crank, and the mighty wheel !’

but we don't loiter away under the hawthorn in the dale, to ‘lute and flute fantastic tenderness’ to every idle hussy and foolish country wench in the neighbourhood. The reign of Phillis and Philomel is over, and all the poets

that sang their praises are gone by with them. It's only such dreamy, thriftless folk as you, Dick, that keep them in memory at all ; and as for——confound it ! I've let my cigar out."

" You're eloquent this afternoon, Dale. An I had known you had been so cunning of fence, I'd have seen you hanged ere I challenged you ! Still, I think you're wrong—if not from a practical, at least from a poetical point of view. As for me, I've come to love them and all their works, their warblings and wood-notes, better far than half your moderns, with their noisy, flashy, cheap-jack voices and hawkers' wares !"

" Easy, young man ! You're talking treason. And mind you don't let *your* cigar out !"

" Why, there's not a tenth of the poetry in the land that there used to be ! We've dwindled into prose and criticisms, as Lamb

(to quote him again) said of Coleridge. And then the tone of literature—especially of light literature—nowadays is lamentably strained and vulgar. We want repose. Our authours live too much amidst bricks-and-mortar and daily papers. With the old writers, Nature was a bosom friend and playmate ; with us, it is an acquaintance scarcely known by sight, and one we frequently seem inclined to cut altogether. We conceited City coxcombs have voted our country cousin bad style !”

“ Well, well ! We are generally better and especially bad, Dick : that’s my belief. By-the-bye, I saw Miss Oglevie last evening.”

“ Did you, though ? I’ve not seen her for more than a fortnight.”

“ Ah ! she said you hadn’t called on them lately.”

“ Called ! I’ve never been asked to call. Besides, Belgravia wouldn’t be at home to Fleet Street. It’s different with you.”

“ Yes ; but then, you see, I live at Charing Cross.”

Dick was not to be joked out of his grievance. He had spoken a little bitterly, sending from between his teeth intermittent puffs of smoke, whose flight he followed with moody eyes. Mr. Dale guessed the tenor of his thoughts, and was generous.

“ Her father comes to town on Friday ; and she asked me, if I met you, to say how much she hoped to see you whilst he was with her.”

Dick’s eyes softened.

“ Did she say that ?”

Dale nodded. For five minutes the two men smoked in silence. Then the elder, carefully selecting a fresh cigar from his case, observed—

“ She’s a nice girl.”

“ Yes, she’s a nice girl,” assented the other.

Again there was a pause, and Mr. Dale broke it.

“ I once read a stanza somewhere—I can’t remember where—which I always think might be applied to Margaret Oglevie. It’s this :

“ ‘ Blest man who sees thee ; trebly blest
Who hears that voice of thine.
Who woos thee should be half a god !
Who wins thee, quite divine ! ’ ”

A longer silence followed this ; and when they spoke again, it was to change the subject.





CHAPTER V.

IN AND ABOUT THE TENTS OF THE UNGODLY.

TT was the morning of the day following the conversation chronicled in our last chapter that Phœbe Langham, being in her bedroom, heard a cab stop at the gate of The Laurels, Daphne Road, W. Unfortunately, at the moment, circumstances over which she had no control prevented her from observing who it was that alighted from the hansom. She was, in fact, in the act of putting on a clean petticoat, and, in the hurry of drawing it over her head, the hook at the waistband caught in her hair. Hence, *pro tem.*, her vision was limited to the lining of her kirtle.

Such a predicament is at all times an unpleasant, and often an irritating one. We remember, on going to bed, as a small boy, occasionally introducing our head up the sleeve of our nightgown in place of at the regulation outlet, whereby we were covered with confusion, but otherwise not covered at all. At these moments an immediate, an irrepressible conviction gat hold upon us that we were *not alone in the room!*—that a certain ghoul, goblin, or hobgoblin was also present, and prepared to take a terrible advantage of our embarrassed position. We don't suppose this envelopment ever lasted more than a minute, at the most, but it seemed to us about ten ; and we verily believe that, had it been prolonged, we should have lost our senses.

We remember, moreover, there was a small, white-headed charity-boy, about our own age, whom we used to see on a Sunday

at church ; and we always ascribed the negative colour of his hair not to natural, but to supernatural causes. We imagined that, whilst struggling with his nightgown, as was the wont with us, he had been demoniacally "caught," and that the horror of the affair had "blanched his once raven locks to the similitude of snow." (This latter phrase, wherewith we embodied our belief, was derived from a preposterous book about ghosts, the study of which made our young blood freeze for the major part of our childhood.)

To return to Miss Langham.

"I suppose it's Oliver," said she, extricating the hook from her hair and letting the petticoat slip down over her shoulders. "Well! he must wait ; he's before his time. I told him breakfast at eleven."

So saying, she proceeded with her toilet, which presently being completed, she gave a

friendly little nod at her second-self in the mirror, and went whistling (one of her many accomplishments) melodiously downstairs, where breakfast and the baronet were both awaiting her.

“Good morning, sir.”

“Good morning, miss.”

“You never called round at the theatre last night, as you said you would.”

“I didn’t.”

“Why not?”

“I couldn’t.”

“Couldn’t?”

“You see I had to dine with Furnival, my lawyer; and after dinner there were such a lot of things I had to look over and arrange with him, that when I did escape it was too late.”

“I dare say! Who was at dinner? Only you?”

“And he.”

“ Of course ! Nobody else ?”

“ Yes. His wife and her two sisters.”

“ Why couldn’t you say so at first ? Men
are deceitful ! What were they like ?”

“ Like the dinner — plain and badly
dressed.”

“ Poor boy ! how it must have suffered.”

“ It did.”

“ Go straight home ? I s’pose not, though.”

“ Yes, I did, and looked in at the club on
the way.”

“ Call *that* going straight home ! . . . Who
did you meet there ? Why don’t you tell me
things more ?”

“ Whom did I meet ? Nobody you know.
Oh, yes ! I met Oscar Dale.”

“ Did he ask after me ?”

“ Yes ; he said ‘ How’s Fanny ? ’ ”

“ And what did *you* say ?”

“ I said, ‘ Oh, she’s all right enough ! ’ ”

“ Was that all ?”

“That was all. He had a friend with him.”

“Was he nice?—the friend, I mean?”

“Well, not your sort of man, perhaps. He was a young literary fellow, you know. An editor, bookbinder, newsboy—something of that kind.”

“A newsboy! I don’t suppose Mr. Dale would go about with a newsboy?”

“It was late at night, you see; so it didn’t matter. The respectabilities were all gone to bed.”

“Ah! well! I shall ask him myself who it really was.” And Phœbe held out her hand across the table for Sir Oliver’s cup.

The acquaintance between these two was now of some six weeks’ standing. Not an age, certainly; but with Phœbe Langham one was friend or foe at the end of an hour’s intercourse. In a higher sphere of life than hers, propriety—or what a corrupted state of

society holds to be such—demands that one's likes or dislikes be kept in greater reserve. After the example of the man in the parable, with his talent, we cover them carefully up and bury them out of sight ; whence our association with our neighbour is often as that between two smooth and highly polished surfaces—so smooth and polished that there is neither friction nor cohesion. Oliver Ely, in becoming a patron of the drama (as far as went the befriending of an individual actress) quickly found himself on terms of the easiest familiarity and fellowship with Miss Fanny Lancaster ; and this kind of freedom and irresponsible *camaraderie* had a charm for him which he failed to discover even in those choice circles where it was considered “quite the proper thing” to be seen.

But his previous roving life of impulse and adventure had so wholly unsettled him for the conventional civilisation of a city,

that he was for ever chafing under a sense of social restraint ; and his present morning call at The Laurels had mainly been arranged with a view of announcing a projected flight from town.

“ Fanny.”

“ What ?”

“ You shouldn’t say ‘ what ?’—you should say ‘ what do you say ?’ ”

“ Well, what do you say, then ?”

“ Pass the sugar, please.”

“ Bother ! is *that* all ?”

“ No.”

“ Well ?”

“ And the milk.”

“ Take it, tiresome ! Anything else, pray ?”

“ Yes, I mean to leave London.”

“ Oh, indeed ! When ?”

“ Next week.”

“ Where ?”

“ I suppose you mean where for ?”

“ Of course I do.”

“ Well—say, for Africa.”

“ How funny ! And what’ll you do in Africa ?”

“ Same as other fellows.”

“ How’s that ?”

“ Drink quinine, get sunburnt, swear at the insects, and make signs to the savages not to kill me.”

“ Suppose the savages don’t understand the signs—what then ?”

“ In that case one may shut one’s eyes and say one’s prayers, think what a fool one has been, and die like a Christian.”

“ Not much fun in that ! Don’t fancy *I* shall go.”

“ Of course you won’t. ‘Tisn’t a fit place to take a lady. Beastly manners, worse customs, and dress (if any) indecent.”

“ You’re not in earnest ?”

“ Eh ?”

“ You’re only joking—trying to tease me ? You don’t *really* mean to go to Africa ?”

Sir Oliver laughed. “ No, child ; I don’t. At least, not just at present. But I *am* going out of town next week.”

Now it happened that Phœbe already had acquired an inkling of her companion’s proposed exit from London ; and furthermore, sundry probable details of his excursion had casually been communicated to her by Oscar Dale. She knew that a yacht had been chartered, but she did not know its destination. She guessed that a party of men, Sir Oliver’s friends, had been invited, and she had secretly made up her mind that Miss Lancaster and that useful woman, Mrs. Mardle, her respected aunt, should also be of the passengers. The coming week had long been looked forward to as bringing her a temporary release from professional duties

at the theatre ; and there had been a sort of half-promise from the baronet that her brief holiday should be celebrated by some kind of “outing” with himself. Latterly, however, a suspicion had arisen that he had made other and independent arrangements ; wherefore, he no sooner definitely broached the subject of his departure, than she ingenuously exclaimed :

“Oh, Oliver, I’m so glad ! Town’s horribly hot now, isn’t it ? Where do we go, dear ?”

“Eh, what ? You misunderstand me, Fanny. I am only off for a week, or a fortnight at the outside. Just a few days’ paddling, you know, about the Channel Islands, and then back again.”

“But won’t you take me with you, Oliver ?”

“My dear girl, it’s impossible ! I’ve only hired a wretched little cockleshell of a thing —not fit for a woman to come aboard. Besides, if you went, you’d be sea-sick.”

“ I should be sicker of stopping here !—alone !!—all by myself !!! Oh, *Oliver!* you might as well let me go !”

“ Now, Fanny, do be reasonable ! Of course I’d like to take you, if it were possible, but you see it’s quite out of the question.”

The young lady said nothing, but half twisting her chair from the table, fell to tapping with her little foot impatiently on the floor. Sir Oliver looked slightly perplexed, and eyed his reflection in an adjacent table-spoon with searching severity.

“ Shall we go to the Crystal Palace this afternoon, Fanny ? There are the Japanese Jugglers, and——”

“ *Japanese Jugglers!* I hate Japanese jugglers.”

“ You know we could be back by half-past five or six, and have dinner at that place in Regent Street where——”

"*Dinner*, indeed ! I hate dinner."

Sir Oliver took two or three hasty turns up and down the room, and then drew a chair to the lady's side.

"Look here, Fanny ! Oscar Dale is coming for me at twelve, and we'll just ask him about this yachting affair. If he says I ought to take you with me, why you shall go. Will you be satisfied with his decision ?"

"Oh, bra-VO ! that's famous !" exclaimed Phœbe, jumping up and clapping her hands. "Thanks, a thousand times, Oliver ! I knew you wouldn't be so unkind as to leave me in London alone."

"But Fanny——"

"Yes, yes, I know ! You think Mr. Dale will be horrid enough to side with you. Well ! we shall see."

At ten minutes past noon a hansom (the second that morning) pulled up before the gateway, and Oscar Dale alighted.

“Here, Mr. Dale ! Mr. Dale !” cried Phœbe from the open window. “Come in this way. Oliver’s here. Make haste !”

“*Bien le bon jour, mam’selle.* Is it well with thee ?”

“Thanks ; I’m all right. But please just sit down and listen to me. And, mind ! be very, *very* careful how you answer.”

“Heavens ! She isn’t going to propose to me, is she Ely ?”

“Listen ! Oliver’s going to the Channel Islands—to Jersey, Guernsey, and the rest of ’em ! where shirts and things come from, you know ?—and I, of course, want to go with him.”

“Of course,” repeated Mr. Dale. “Blue shirting in its native wilds is worth seeing.”

“Well ! *He* says he’s only hired a small yacht——”

“With a cabin where there’s not even room to swing a cat in, Dale,” explained the

baronet, hastily. "And here's this wayward little woman actually cuts up rough because I propose leaving her in London."

"Oughtn't he to take me, Mr. Dale? Now, mind what you say!"

"Yes; mind what you say, Dale!"

"Faith! its Scylla and Charybdis I'm between! Let me see, Ely. A small cabin where there's not even room to swing a cat in, didn't you say?"

"Precisely so," answered his friend, glancing triumphantly at Phœbe.

"Very good! Now then, Miss Lancaster; the matter rests with you. The question is, do you *want* to swing a cat—a harmless, necessary cat—in this same cabin? Will you swear that you've no intention of the kind? that you haven't a cat packed up for the purpose at this very moment?"

"Yes, yes! indeed, *indeed* I haven't!" ex-

claimed Phœbe, losing sight, in her eagerness, of the absurdity of the question.

“*Eh bien!* Then I think you might go.”

“Oscar, you’re an ass!” said the baronet, hardly knowing whether to be angry or amused.

“Oscar, you’re a darling!” said Phœbe, bestowing on him her sweetest smile.

“Friends, I thank thee,” said Mr. Dale. “And now let’s have something to quench my thirst.”





CHAPTER VI.

AT THE PALACE—AND AFTER.

RO ride in a well-hung, well-horsed hansom with a pretty woman, we have always held to be one of the most fascinating, as it is, alas! one of the most fleeting, of earthly pleasures. Here, if anywhere, is the poetry of motion. At such moments we envy no man. A sense of superiority (unfounded it may, and in most cases, must be) exhilarates the bosom as one whirls between two streams of pedestrian *oi πολλοι* on the pavements. The discriminating old Irish distich seems,

for the nonce, pleasantly and personally realised :

“Them that’s rich they rides in chases ;
Them that poor they walks, by Jases !”

—or, “like blazes,” as some versions, tampering with the purity of the original text, have flippantly written it. From this couplet one argues that one is of “them that’s rich,” and an appreciative sense of the fitness of things arises in consequence. A hansom cab is the most inviting of inanimate, as a handsome woman is the most attractive of animate, inventions ; and the two together afford the sublimation of gratification.

Respected public—the foregoing views are not the author’s, but Sir Oliver’s. “For God’s sake, reader ! take them not for mine,” cries Byron, after quoting Southey’s sentiments ; and so cry we, on quoting Ely’s. The baronet’s reflections were possibly not couched in precisely the same words where-

with we have embodied them, but such, at least, was their spirit. Mr. Dale had not remained at the Laurels more than half-an-hour, and on his departure Phœbe had graciously deigned to reconsider Sir Oliver's proposal to visit the Crystal Palace, deciding in the end to undertake the journey. The afternoon being warm and bright, the young lady elected to go by road, and hence the hansom which gave rise to such equivocal meditation on the part of her companion.

It was a *fête* day at Sydenham. Some small, swarthy potentate, suddenly grown politically great, was being hailed by the nation much as Othello may have been hailed by the Venetians—not, however (as in the Moor's case), from any general recognition of service done, but from that sort of gratitude which a cynic has defined as a lively sense of benefits to come. For it was expected that the monarch would be brought to see the ex-

pedience of transferring his dominions to the British Crown, in consideration of a life pension to himself and the introduction of small-pox to his subjects.

“Look, Oliver!” suddenly exclaimed Phœbe, as they stood together on the terrace, watching the sunlight play of the great fountains. “Here’s Lord Langsyne coming to speak to us. What a venerable great grandfather he is, to be sure!”

“Pre-Adamite old beggar!” muttered the baronet; “Methusaleh was a mere mushroom to him. Knows everybody’s family secrets, from the Flood downwards. People say he is immortal, and ‘pon my soul! I believe he must be. Morning, my lord, morning; I hope I see your lordship well?”

“Ah, Ely, my boy! I thought my eye didn’t deceive me. My grandson Charley—the Q.C., you know—wanted to persuade me to take to spectacles (poor fellow; he’s

obliged to wear them himself!) ; but no ! I'd have none of them. Wait till I'm a little older, Charley," said I, " and——Why, Miss Lancaster ! I positively did not recognise you. I'm delighted to see you."

Of all men we ever met, Lord Langsyne was the most remarkable. *Was*, do we say ? *Is*; for he still lives and moves and has his dinners. What his age may have been at the time we first encountered him no one could satisfactorily ascertain ; but that it was something far away beyond the ordinary span of existence everybody unanimously agreed. Whichever goddess had granted this titled Tithonus his deathless power of enduring we know not ; but certain it is, some strange immunity from the common lot had left him intact to an evergreen antiquity. If genius be but the gift of continuance, as a sage has defined it, then was Lord Langsyne's genius past question. Young men became old men,

and old men became dead men, but his lordship still went on living.

“Rusticus exspectat, dum defluat amnis ; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

Men, envious of this mundane persistence, made dark allusions to the Wandering Jew, raking up the mouldy traditions of Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris to apply them to the everlasting old nobleman. Meanwhile, “safe from all decrepitude,” Lord Langsyne placidly held on. Like the king described in “Pippa Passes”—

“Age with its bane so sure gone by
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed),
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.”

Moreover, he forgot nothing ! With the memory of a Mezzofanti, he bore in mind all the deeds and misdeeds of a buried generation, and people who would fain hide the follies of their forefathers from the eyes of a scandal-loving world, listened with tingling

ears the while he went rummaging, ghoul-like, amid the dusty bones of the past. Had you a skeleton in your cupboard (as who has not ?), Lord Langsyne carried a skeleton key, wherewith to unlock the door and let the horror out into the light of day. Had you disgraceful ancestors, or an equally disgraceful lack of ancestors, Lord Langsyne, in either case, could declare your family shortcomings ; and thus it befell that he was feared and *fêted* and toadied amongst all grades of society. As for himself, he was not, perhaps, *sans reproche*, although entirely *sans peur*. An experienced and persevering sinner, making evil his good, he had succeeded in rendering immorality artistic—which showed the master ; for it is easier to vulgarise a virtue than refine a vice.

In personal appearance the old gentleman was strikingly handsome. A grand silvery tangle of beard floated luxuriantly down his

breast ; eyes, clear and calm as an infant's, gazed from beneath a broad white forehead, whose unwrinkled purity might have rivalled that of Ninon de l'Enclos ; whilst an erect, soldierly carriage marked him out from amongst the ruck of contemporary patriarchs as a giraffe amid a string of shuffling bow-backed camels. Furthermore, he was one of the most noted conversationalists of the day, in which respect his attractions were enhanced by the possession of a voice that was melody itself.

“ Miss Lancaster, I’m charmed to meet you abroad. Like everybody else, you are come, I suppose, to look at our last new idol in ebony—our imported Black Prince ! Really, all the world and his wife (or his neighbour’s) seem here to-day ! The dark horse appears a favourite—so much so, indeed, that it’s whispered he’s already affianced to—well ! to the happy daughter of a thrice

happy duke. But I only had it from the Duchess, so it may not be true.”

“An English lady marry that nigger!” cried Sir Oliver, in whom familiarity with Ethiopic royalty had bred contempt. “Why, it would be what-d’ye-call-it—sacrilege!”

“*Au contraire, mon brave*; it would be simply Natural Selection. You forget that his Highness is as rich as Rothschild; and I conceive he might have the pick of our Babylonian marriage-market to-morrow, did he decide to make a bid.”

“Ah!” said Phœbe, “it’s like one of those chess-puzzle things I’ve seen in the papers—*Black to begin and mate in two moves*. That’s about it, I suppose?”

“Bravo, Miss Lancaster! You’ve hit it admirably. I couldn’t have expressed it more neatly myself. Your wit is as bright as your eyes this morning, and—pardon an old man for being personal!—*they* are irre-

sistible. I don't deal in 'the tinsel clink of compliment.' I've outgrown it; so you may take my testimony at its word's worth."

"Honourable mention from so well-known a judge as Lord Langsyne is——"

"The reward of merit, my dear Miss Lancaster—nothing more," replied his lordship, highly delighted at the recognition of his critical fame by the quick-witted Phœbe. "Ely, I've just been speaking with an old flame of yours—Diana Blake. She asked me to send you over to her; across by the steps there. Go, *mon cher*; and leave this young lady under my charge until you return."

With a dubious glance at Phœbe, Sir Oliver moved off in compliance with the summons delivered him by Lord Langsyne, and was presently seen in converse with a showy, dark-complexioned woman, slightly *passée*, but still sufficiently attractive.

“Who’s that?” said Phœbe, quickly.

“What? Hasn’t Ely ever told you of *la belle Blake?*—of his dear friend Diana? No? Ah, well, well! She’s married now.”

“‘And a lad may wink, and a girl may hint,
And a fool may say his say!’”

“And is she still his dear friend Diana?” continued Phœbe, looking hard at the lady in question.

“Why not, my dear Miss Lancaster, why not? A woman’s friendship is pure, says Lord Lytton, provided she love another: and I’m told Mrs. Blake positively revels in her husband.”

“But who is she?”

“Ah! there you puzzle me. That’s a question all the world is asking. I only know that her maiden name was Tollemey—yes; Tollemey. Rather an uncommon name, isn’t it? Always puts me in mind of the year Ornithorhyncus won the Oaks. There

was a fellow called Tollemey turned off the course for welshing that year. Poor devil ! I heard afterwards he was a family man—had a daughter, or something. But, pardon me, Miss Lancaster ; I'm wandering from the point."

"Indeed ?" said Phœbe, sharply. " I thought you were just coming to it."

"*Comment?* What an impetuous young person you are ! You 'take suggestion as a cat laps milk,' and jump at a conclusion as Puss jumps at a mouse. And, talking of Puss, let us get into the corner yonder. (Did they play at Puss in the Corner at your school, Miss Lancaster ?) When his Hot-tentot Highness appears, we shall find it a post of vantage, unless I'm much mistaken. You see that little shrivelled old man in the carriage there—the one with the skull-cap and ear-trumpet ?"

" Yes, I see."

“That’s the Honourable Hercules Blake, Diana Blake’s husband. *De gustibus*, you know ; but all the same ; it’s difficult to understand her infatuation for such a blighted bit of humanity as that. Now, had it been our mutual friend Ely—*Voilà, voilà*, Miss Lancaster ! Lo, the poor Indian at last !”

His lordship’s exclamation was caused by the appearance on the scene of the dusky hero of the day, who, with a brilliant staff of distinguished foreigners and illustrious natives, had just arrived in the Palace grounds, where a preliminary reception had been arranged for him. Having viewed this African lion, Miss Lancaster somewhat abruptly expressed an intention of returning town-ward, and her companion accordingly sought out Sir Oliver to convey him her wishes.

“Going back already, Fan ?” quoth the baronet. “Why, it’s but just three o’clock !”

"Don't let me take you, my dear fellow," said the young lady, carelessly buttoning her glove; "Mrs. Blake may want you."

Sir Oliver laughed. "Hullo, little woman! 'Pon my word, I believe you're jealous!"

"*I* jealous! Don't flatter yourself, my friend. I never cared enough for a man to be jealous of him—except once; and then I hardly found out I was fond of him until he—Poor dear! I wonder where he is now!"

Sir Oliver looked slightly irritated.

"That's the first time I've heard of your love's young dream, Fanny."

"And it'll be the last. Don't be sulky, sir! Of course; I like *you* well enough; and to speak the truth, I *was* just a little—just a very, *very* little—jealous of that black-eyed Mrs. Blake. Diana Blake! (dreadful name, Diana, isn't it?) Tell me about her, there's a dear child!"

But the baronet, like Canning's knife-grinder, professed to have nothing to tell—a negative statement which Miss Lancaster (whose temper of late was apt to be variable) showed herself strongly disposed to resent. Whence their return to London was scarcely so harmonious as their outcoming; nor did even a dinner at Verey's serve to restore the lady to her wonted philosophy.

“What detestably salt soup!” exclaimed she, being in the humour to find fault with everything. “I should think that sea-bath advertising fellow, Tidman, must have had a hand in it.”

“Salt?”

“I said salt, didn't I? Salt as Lot's wife! Take away my plate, waiter.”

“Deuced sorry! Don't you think you could eat it with a little sauce?”

“Don't you think you could shave with a

paper-knife? Thank goodness! I know better than *that*! Is this sherry here?"

"Yes. Dinner sherry, they call it; so I suppose it's the right thing for dinner."

Miss Lancaster shrugged her shoulders.

"What's in a name? You might as well say teetotums were the right things for tea. Let *me* look at the wine-carte."

Phœbe glanced critically down the register, and eventually (with an air of assurance that secretly amused Sir Oliver) pronounced in favour of *Macon vieux*, which accordingly superseded the conventional sherry. Dinner over, the lady and gentleman re-appeared in Regent Street, just as the clocks were striking six.

"We'll take a cab home now, Fanny."

"No, we won't, Oliver. We'll walk as far as Oxford Street, and then do so if you like. The British public don't want me at the Paragon till eight."

The decision of this young lady was final. Crossing to the eastern pavement, Miss Lancaster paused to glance at the great photographer's window, over against the Café Royal: the window from which one may pick and choose the world's worthies at eighteenpence a-head (one-and-sixpence per Worthy), and where poets, philosophers, and divines lie cheek by jowl with Monsieur Troppman, the murderer, and Gabrielle May, the *demi-mondaine*. “The piebald miscellany man” (and woman) is here seen to perfection; and, were we the author of “Sartor Resartus,” we would put aside our old clothes and hie us hither for fresh material. “*Carte and Gigability*,” by Carlyle! Just fancy!

Quitting the photographer's, Phœbe and her attendant moved leisurely towards the Circus, stopping once on the way to traffic in French gloves and perfumery. Upon

reaching the corner of Oxford Street there was the usual amount of hope deferred with regard to a disengaged hansom, and the usual contemptuous and irritating indifference manifested by drivers with fares to the beck and call of gesticulators on the curb-stone. Suddenly Miss Lancaster, her eyes fixed on the opposite side of the street, broke into impetuous exclamation.

“Oliver ! Look, look ! I do declare there’s Satan !”

“The devil there is !” said the baronet, startled. “Where ? what ? What do you mean, Fanny ?”

“Why, our little dog—our dear little dog Satan ! Oh, run, Oliver, run ! Across the road there—there ! there ! With that man—don’t you see ?”

“With the dog-fellow, eh ? But I say ! which is it, Fanny ? The black ——”

“Yes, yes ! the little black one ! Oh !

make haste, Oliver ! The blue-ribbon'd one !
There, there ! Quick !”

Thus vehemently urged, Sir Oliver Ely, narrowly dodging the pole of an Islington 'bus, made his way across the road to where our quondam acquaintance Mr. Skillygolee (*alias* the Nasty Novice) stood with his “dawgs” sniffing round his corduroy calves.

After a brief conversation with this worthy, which seemed to Phœbe unnecessarily prolonged, he returned to her empty-handed.

“No go, Fanny. Fellow says it's bespoken already.”

“Stuff and rubbish ! I *will* have it ! I don't care if it's fifty times bespoken. Here ! take me across, and let *me* talk to the man.”

The baronet mutely obeyed ; and Mr. Skillygolee, whose keen perception nothing had escaped, warily prepared for business.

"I want that dog," said Phœbe, coming at once to the point.

"This 'ere smewth tarrier, miss?" quoth the Novice, purposely mistaking the animal indicated. "Yes, miss, sart'ny; and a sweet little lady's dawg you'll find 'im, that I kin assure yer."

"No, no; not *that*! the other—the black one. Satan, Satan! poor old Satan! Don't you see how he knows me?"

"Hah! that's 'is hartfulness, miss," coolly continued the possessor of the dog, controlling its frantic struggles with a tug at the leash. Hotheller—name's Hotheller, miss; not Sating—is the hartfullest little warmint iver I see, bar nun! And I'm werry sorry, werry sorry, hindeed, miss; but there's a party 'ave bespoke 'im a'ready."

"Told you so," said Sir Oliver.

"Oh, bother!" retorted Phœbe. "How much do you want for him?"

“ ‘Ee’s *bespoke*, miss ; ’s trew as I stand
’ere ’ee is !”

“ How much ?” said Phœbe, pulling out
her purse.

“ S’help me niver, miss, Hotheller’s spoke
for a’ready ! Wish I may die if a party ain’t
a-goin’ to give five pund hodd for ’im this
werry blessed hevenin’ !”

“ Five pounds odd ? I’ll give you six,”
said Phœbe.

The Nasty Novice inserted a dirty fore-
finger into his dirty red neckcloth, and
tugged violently at it, as if undergoing some
severe internal conflict. Then, spitting over
his left shoulder, and speaking with the air
of a man whom gallantry had got the better
of, he made his response.

“ I niver did refewse a lady yit, and slap
my ’taters if I ever dew ! Yew shall ’ave ’im,
miss, though I ’ang for it. There ye are !

And 'ee's wuth double the money, if he's wuth a farden."

"Pay the man, Oliver, there's a good fellow ; I've not enough."

When maidens sue, men give like gods
So quoth fantastic Master Lucio, whilom not
ill-acquaint with the ways (and means) of
women. Sir Oliver settled for Satan, and a
hansom carried three inside to Daphne
Road, W. What account Phœbe Langham
gave of the antecedents of her canine friend,
we are unable to say ; but we doubt not it
was thoroughly satisfactory and eminently
untrue.





CHAPTER. VII.

MOONSHINE.

IS love, says the old refrain, makes the world go round ; and verily, this is the goodliest motive-power among the sons and daughters of men. This it is that keeps life sweet and whole, and renders it worth the living ; that is better than wisdom, mightier than the sword, more precious than gold, and diviner even than the divine gift of song. For true love can teach the sage, strengthen the fighter, enrich the richest, and give wings to the words of the poet. Those who love—whether it be with the love of lovers, the love of kin,

or the love of friends—are as flowers upon the face of the earth, bringing fragrance and glad colour, and making the world's highways gracious. And neither hand nor brain, nor art, nor science, nor craft, nor aught of the work of man, is so potent to serve him, so blessed to save, as “the sweet skill of loving much.”

Such skill had Margaret Oglevie. It was her nature to love, as it is the lark's to sing, the violet's to yield perfume. And if the reader should conclude that her affection now was given where it scarce was wholly deserved, we can only urge that, as merit is often notoriously underpaid (take the reader's own case, or the writer's), so it occasionally happens that it gets more than its due, or even that reward is bestowed (look at our neighbour, for instance !) where there is no merit whatever. But then love is not an appraiser and valuer; or, if it makes esti-

mate at all, it is with other eyes than those of the world. Could we see Swift as Stella saw him, there surely would appear a man differing from the gloomy-hearted, fierce-tongued cynic we are wont to hold him ; and haply Sycorax perceived somewhat beneath the brute-husk of her freckled whelp that Prospero's wise vision and Miranda's gentle regard alike failed to take count of. And it is a right and precious thing that love should thus be unheedful and generous and self-sacrificing, falling as seed on stony ground or among thorns, and yet triumphing over such hardness and harm, and bringing forth good out of evil.

“ If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :
 Make the low nature better by your throes !
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !”

But whilst we frankly admit our hero's inferiority to Margaret Oglevie—an inferiority he was himself the readiest to own—it

must not be supposed that the disparity between them was of such sort as to endanger harmony. Their difference was one of degree rather than of kind. There are some human growths (as there are animal and vegetable growths) of which we can confidently predict that they will pass from good to better, from better to best; whose one law is the law of progress, whose only possible development is a development of beauty; whilst there are others of which the issues are more doubtful. These may increase in stature, without necessarily growing in grace. Adverse winds may distort or blight them, an uncongenial soil impoverish their fruit. The nobler natures are touched, but not tainted, by such influences, even as bruised flowers or caged birds are the sweeter for the evil they undergo. Margaret Oglevie would have been lovely to the thought, and fragrant and of fair seeming, in spite of all

surrounding ill ; but Dick needed the light her soul cast about him, the pure air she brought him, to inspire and direct his forces.

And, knowing this, he was daily more earnest in his endeavour to render himself worthier her regard. That, as yet, she should love him after the sort that he loved her, was beyond his hope ; that her friendship, in the future, might be won over to such love, was the passionate prayer and ambition of his heart. Gradually his writings took a deeper tone and struck a fuller chord. The humour which was in them was not simply of the surface—the mere wash of wit whereby clever penmen give a kind of French polish to their work—but, for whoso had ears, carried an echo of graver suggestion. And this increase of power in his productions did not fail to meet recognition.

To Margaret herself, Dick's every success-

was a secret delight. Women love to see their heroes acknowledged heroic, and are ever less ambitious for themselves than for their men-folk. Reflected lustre is more grateful to them than any direct blaze of glory; wherefore Milton makes Eve prefer to hear the angel at second-hand, through her husband, than to have the honour of immediate communication. A loving woman is content simply to love—this is her vocation : but, for her lover, she would fain have him achieve distinction in other fields besides Dan Cupid's. Strephon may sit down to the cold mutton his Chloe has prepared him, with the utmost amiability and affection ; but if, haply, he bring home with him from the arena a crown of parsley to garnish the joint, how much tenderer it cuts ! And a crown of this kind was now about to be won by Richard Eliot.

* * * * *

MOONSHINE!

Amongst other Titanic posters making hoardings hideous at the close of the summer to which we have here brought our story—when the season was growing late and white-bait large—was a bill bearing the above word. Its letters were vast. Very. Even a Gulliver would have gaped at them. They almost attracted Londoners, who venerate Bigness, and not unfrequently confound it with Greatness. The mistake of the age, brethren.

Moonshine! North, South, East, and West; wherever building was going on and boarding was up; wherever WILLING reigned over his kaleidoscope kingdom of advertisements; wherever dead walls looked lively in a Joseph's coat of many colours; wherever railway bridges bloomed like the wilderness with a rainbow of bills; wherever was a post

of vantage, or a point of attraction—there shone this mystic word, with its deep black ground and bright yellow letters !

On 'bus and boat ; drawn along the road or borne up and down the river ; on the damp subterranean sides of the Underground Railway ; in the busy stations of the Metropolitan and the huge echoing termini of the great companies that have their bodies in London, and their Briarean arms, stretching forth over the kingdom—here, there, and everywhere was *Moonshine* !

“ What do that mean ? ” inquired young Hyson, the grocer’s assistant, of his friend Pennyfeather, the ledger-clerk at Turner, Mangle, and Sons.

“ Noo balley at the Halambrar, or some-think at the Canterbury ’All, I hexpect,” answered the oracle Pennyfeather, famed in City circles with having a nodding acquaintance with the great Vance, the Only

Leybourne, and other such fixed stars of comic-songdom.

Pennyfeather, however, was wrong. A week later he became aware of his mistake. The sphynx unriddled itself ; and what before had been mere MOONSHINE now read as follows :

IMPERIAL THEATRE.

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 7TH.

Will be played for the First Time,

MOONSHINE,

An Original Comedy in Three Acts,

By RUPERT ELDON, Esq.

Further particulars followed in due course, and the cast (which included the best actors and actresses of the best comedy company in London) appeared in the columns of the daily papers.

But now arose another question. Who was Rupert Eldon ? What had he written before ? Where were his credentials ? Why wasn't the author Boucicault or Burnand,

Byron or Gilbert, or some equally orthodox dramatist? How the deuce did the fellow get his piece read—let alone accepted? Had any one ever heard of his name, and was it his own name or merely a *nom-de-plume*?

These were points of discussion. The brilliant *prestige* of the *corps dramatique* of the Imperial Theatre rendered its announcement of a new play a topic of widespread interest and speculation. Heretofore the writers of its pieces had all been men of established literary position—men who had gained the public ear, and knew right well how to sing to suit it. But now, on a sudden, this was changed. Here, a positive stranger had taken the field against the favourites, an upstart Daniel had come to judgment.

“If that isn’t a violation of the dramatic unities,” growled old Quintus Acts, the playwright, pointing at the name “Rupert Eldon,” in his *Pall Mall Gazette*, “why, damme, I

don't know what the dramatic unities are!" (which, *entre nous*, he didn't).

"Who *is* Rupert Eldon?" continued the irate author, pushing the paper impatiently from him. "It's a conundrum, begad! And the answer is 'nobody knows.'"

One afternoon, however, a man—Scrubbs of the *Weekly Wash*, in fact—entering the smoking-room of the Pandemonium (largest of literary clubs), triumphantly announced his ability to set the point at rest.

"Rupert Eldon," said he, "is Richard Eliot."

A momentary silence followed this intimation; and then a voice, bold to own ignorance, mildly inquired—

"And who *is* Richard Eliot?"

Like the murmur of many bees, muffled in mignonette, rose the hum of approval from the lazy lips of the smokers.

"Who *is* Richard Eliot?" feebly repeated

Scrubbs, the light of intelligence fading slowly out of his eyes.

“Aye! Who is Richard Eliot?” (The bold voice was bolder.)

Mr. Scrubb gazed helplessly around him, blew his nose to gain time, suddenly brightened, and nodded toward the doorway.

“There! There’s a man can tell you. Ask him if you don’t know yourself.”

And much relieved, Scrubb turned to his cigar-case.

“Dale,” cried Quintus Acts to the newcomer, “you’re accused of an unnatural extent of knowledge. Scrubb says you know who Richard Eliot is.”

“So I do; and so will you in about a week. Wait till next Saturday, and then see the new comedy at the Imperial. If *Moonshine* don’t put some of you fellows in the shade, I’ll never trust in promise more.”

“Why, damme, Dale, you’re quite enthu-

siastic!" sneered the dramatist. "And this Great Unknown? this coming man, that's to extinguish all us lesser lights—put us out, begad! this Rupert Eldon or Eliot, or whatever he calls himself—how, pray, did he ever get his piece looked at?"

Oscar Dale paused a second to speak to Scrubb, and then made reply to Quintus Acts.

"I'll tell you. I dare say some of you remember an article in the June number of the *Piccadilly*, called 'Cues for Comedy'? People talked of it at the time. Well! Richard Eliot was its author. About a fortnight after it was published, I happened to dine one Sunday with the manager of the Imperial and two or three of his company. Nelson Gwynne was there, and grumbling as usual. He swore at his part in *Ducks and Drakes*, which was then playing, and said he was hanged if ever he'd act in a piece of Tom

Cribb's again. Then he took the *Piccadilly* from his pocket, and turned to Eliot's article. 'There!' said he. 'The man who wrote that could write comedy against any man in London!' I mentioned that the author was a friend of mine, and the subject, for the time, was dropped."

"*Et après?*" said Scrubb.

"A week after I met Moody, the manager, looking as dull as ditchwater. He began by telling me he was not happy. He went on to say he was infernally unhappy. He told me he meant to withdraw *Ducks and Drakes*, and play stock-pieces till Michaelmas. He said Tom Cribb was worrying his life out with an adaptation from the French, which wasn't worth a week's run. He swore he was a blighted being, and wished he was dead, he did! I soothed him as well as I could, and the upshot of it was he poured forth all his troubles into my ear. Firstly,

he wouldn't take Cribb's comedy : that he was determined on. Secondly, he *must* have something to put into rehearsal at once. Thirdly, he hadn't got anything good enough. Fourthly and lastly, what the devil *was* to be done ?"

" Whereupon," yawned Quintus Acts, " you introduced your *deus ex machina*, I suppose ?"

" Precisely. I reminded him of what Nelson Gwynne had said of my friend's article, and assured him that he not only *could* write a comedy, but that he had already well-nigh finished one. I brought Eliot to Moody's house, and made him read the piece ; and Moody, who has some amount of taste——"

" He declined a play of mine last year," muttered Quintus Acts, *sotto voce*.

" And a good deal of discrimination," continued Dale, smoothly—" no sooner had

heard it than he decided to bring it out. There's the whole history of the new comedy ; and I'll take short odds it keeps the bills till Christmas."





CHAPTER VIII.

UN SUCCES FOU.

VER! The rehearsal was over. The last rehearsal of *Moonshine* (three-act comedy, by Eldon) ended exactly as the minute-hand of the prompter's watch pointed to the half-hour after three. It had begun at ten. From ten till twelve it had gone smoothly—considering. At twelve o'clock Nelson Gwynne, without a word of warning, had introduced an innovation on the original text, full of dramatic effect for those who knew the authorised reading, but not otherwise remarkable. This had involved discussion; discussion had

involved dispute ; and dispute had involved the loss of much time, temper and patience.

At length, however, everything had come to a satisfactory conclusion. Manager Moody and Nelson Gwynne interchanged stage whispers.

“ It’s a hit !” exclaimed the former.

“ ‘Tisn’t amiss,” allowed the latter.

“ Mr. Eliot,” said Moody, addressing a haggard young gentleman at the wings. “ You keep up your courage ! Don’t you be afraid of failing ! You’ve written a devilish good piece, sir, let the result be what it will ; I’d go and get some dinner now, if I was you ; and when you come back, just look into my room, and you and me and Mr. Dale ’ll have a quiet bottle of port together for luck’s sake. God bless you, sir ! God bless you !”

And the kind-hearted manager shook our hero emphatically by the hand, the while a

smile of encouragement relaxed the troubled wrinkles of his brow. Dick returned the grasp with nervous fervour, and then, resigning himself to Dale, was borne off home to dinner.

Meanwhile the ladies and gentlemen of the Imperial company had gradually dispersed. Nelson Gwynne and his wife (better known to the public as Jenny Wren) took a cab home to Bayswater ; Charlie Beaumont (*né* Baxter), the *preux chevalier* of the corps, went to see and be seen in the Park ; little Carrie Bannister tripped upstairs to the distant eyrie of the theatrical tailoress, to talk over a slight addition to her dress of the evening ; and old Joe Gagg (who never thoroughly knew his part) hastily withdrew for a finishing grind at it, ere Nemesis, in the form of the call-boy, should summon him with all his imperfections on his head.

Then the carpenters and “labourers”

knocked off work, having satisfactorily greased and got into order all the grooves and traps, and sinks and flies, and ropes and pulleys, and wheels within wheels of theatrical machinery. Then the “cleaners”—mouldy, uncomfortable females, snuffling of speech and battered of bonnet—who all the morning had been sweeping away last night’s nutshells and orange-peel from pit and gallery, reappeared with their brooms and brushes. From the “front” of the house they took down the brown holland swaddling clothes that, since yest’reen’s performance, had overlapped the glories of gilding and stucco. From box and stall and outer lobby they removed the lingering traces of dust and disorder. Discarded programmes were picked up; lost property (such as Miss Minx’s fan and Mr. Poppinjay’s lavender gloves) was borne to the booking-office; and every vestige of the late audience was cleared

away against the coming of the new one. Anon the stage was cooled and refreshed with watering-pots ; the supply of soap and towels was renewed in the dressing-rooms ; and the various illusory odds and ends—goblets, glasses, plates, purses, deeds, documents, clandestine letters, baptismal certificates, forged wills, and so forth—required in the pieces of the night, were brought by the property man to the wings in readiness for use.

Silence and solitude at last ; an utter silence, an awful solitude ! Ah, but it's a weird and ghastly place, an empty theatre, seen in the vague demi-daylight that slants through the cobwebbed windows of the far-off gallery ! A place to moralise in ; a place to see ghosts and feel “creepy” in ; a sepulchre of dead laughters, a vast burial-house of echoes.

One hour—only one hour—is the theatre

thus abandoned to its joyless desolation. One hour does the semicircle of dumb benches, forlorn as the grass-grown rows of an ancient arena, stare grimly at the voiceless stage ; and then, as the clocks of London town strike six, the first signs of returning animation awake within its walls.

* * * * *

“Bravo ! *Bravo ! ! Bra-VO ! ! !*”

The curtain went down upon the second act of *Moonshine* amidst loud and prolonged cheering. (“Thunders of applause,” wrote the *Morning Call*; “vociferous acclamation,” said the *Evening Party*.) A goodly volley of hand-clapping had followed act the first; but now tongue and hand, to say nothing of boot-heel and umbrella-toe, were alike lavish of praise. Fellows in the stalls telegraphed their approbation to friends in the boxes, and those in the boxes smiled approval to their opposite neighbours. Enthusiastic folk

below beamed familiarly at comparative strangers above, who, taken by surprise, returned spasmodic bows, and then drew back in embarrassment.

“Good!” said Sudds to Scrubb, meeting him, between the acts, in the corridor.

“And no mistake!” said Scrubb.

“Rather a rap over the knuckles for Tom Cribb!”

“Just what he wanted. Make him keep his hands in his pockets, perhaps, and not put ‘em into other peoples’. Come and have some seltzer; old Quintus Acts is in the saloon.”

The two colleagues made their way to the refreshment-room amidst a crowd of white-chokered, glib-tongued Londoners, all eager in discussing the merits of the new comedy. Here they found a host of acquaintances, literary and artistic, De Witt and O’Hara among the number.

"By-the-way, you know the author, don't you?" said Scrubb, saluting the former.

"Of course I do; he's one of my team. Didn't you notice him in the box to the left?"

"Ah! Which was he? The fellow sitting behind Oscar Dale or the other?"

"The one behind Dale; the dark-eyed one. Other was East."

"Looked uncommonly young," remarked Sudds; "reprehensibly young, *I* consider. Good piece, though—deuced good piece!"

"Should think it was! Best thing of the season. Didn't think he'd got it in him."

"Nor did I," chimed in O'Hara. "Can't understand it, hanged if I can!"

"The way he touches on topics of the times is particularly happy. That Christmas-party scene, for instance, where Nelson Gwynne, as the father of a family, solemnly

gets up and drinks to the fall of coal—‘and when it falls, may it fall like Lucifer, never to rise again !’ That was capital !”

“ So was the bit in which the mild young curate (the ‘dim religious light,’ as he describes him) tells the girl he’s trying to spoon with that marriages are made in Heaven ; and she says, ‘*And* in bésique, dear Mr. Blandy ?’ The look with which Carrie Bannister brought that out was irresistible !”

“ Talking of Carrie Bannister,” observed O’Hara, “ did you mark that new rival star from the Paragon, Miss Lancaster ? She was in the box just above Eliot—came about ten minutes ago. I suppose, having finished early at her own theatre, she thought she would play the critic at another. Queer idea ! Fancy my leaving the Admiralty to go and look at fellows working at the War Office ! How riled they’d be !”

“ Yes, I saw her,” answered De Witt.

"And some one said that it was Sir Oliver Ely with her. But did you notice the young lady with Eliot's party? the girl beside that elderly gentleman in the eyebrows? Wonder if it's a sister? His father I know is there. But hark! there's the orchestra again. Let's go."

The young lady referred to by De Witt was Margaret Oglevie, who, accompanied by her father and Mr. Eliot, had joined Dale, East, and our hero, in a box set apart for the author and his friends. From the moment she had heard mention of it, Margaret was resolved to be present at the production of Dick's piece, her aunt's prejudices notwithstanding.

"Of course, my dear," quoth Mrs. Beresford Earl, "if your father chooses to come and take you, there is nothing more to be said. But I myself would never encourage anything like a special interest in authors and

artists and people of that description. It's by no means desirable for a young woman to have the reputation of being actually intimate with such persons ; although, I know, they are countenanced in houses where one might reasonably hope for something better. Read their books, see their pictures, if you will—just as you may wear Houbigant's gloves and Hocquet's bonnets—but don't mix with the men themselves. That talk one hears nowadays of 'the aristocracy of intellect' is to me perfectly preposterous—almost indecent. As if there could be any aristocracy but one ! We shall be told of the aristocracy of upholstery next, I imagine, and be expected to call in Oxford Street and ask Tomkins and Seymour, or some other such firm, to dinner ! Not that I say anything whatever against Messrs Tomkins and Seymour. No doubt they are both very nice, and all that—especially Seymour : Seymour, you know,

Margaret, is quite a good name — but still !”

Margaret smiled. “ Dear aunt, you forget that my grandfather, the archdeacon, was an author, and wrote books ?”

“ But nobody read them ! Besides, with a clergyman it’s different. In the Church a man is constrained to do many things he would otherwise leave undone. And have you considered, Margaret, that this young man’s play may prove a *fiasco*, and that to be associated with a failure is almost as bad as failing one’s self ? Look at those unfortunate Devyses, who took up the Brownsmith people so last season ! Since that dreadful old Brownsmith went bankrupt, poor Lady Devyse has been simply abandoned ; and I’m told her eldest girl is now engaged to the junior-partner of a firm of liquidators. It’s terrible ! At least wait and see if the thing turns out a success !”

Margaret, however, was by no means to be dissuaded from her intention, and, indeed, wrote a special letter to her father asking him to come up from Norfolk to escort her to the theatre. This he had done; and very keen was her appreciation of Dick's comedy and its triumphant reception. The real *motif* of the piece (although, amid the brilliancy of dialogue and originality of situation, it might escape the casual auditor) was to represent a man, as men are, rescued from his lower self, lifted from out a selfish epicureanism and shallow unfaith, through the saving grace and power of pure love. In the writer's mind, as he penned his story, Margaret Oglevie had ever been present; the spirit of her teachings pervaded its lines like the scent of shed roseleaves in a book of poems: and once, when (at the close of the first act) the girl-heroine rejects the wooer, who seeks over-lightly and con-

fidently her favour, sending him from her with virginal scorn for a deedless knight, and revealing him to himself as one “living carelessly in a world of care”—actual words of Margaret’s were reproduced. These she could but recognise ; and thus, for two at least of the on-lookers, the play had a deeper import than for any others—even as had that which Prince Hamlet prepared at Elsinore.

“ I do so like it !” said Margaret, fervently, to Mr. Eliot, looking round at him with glistening eyes ; Dick having gone for a time with Dale behind the scenes. “ How proud you should be, and how delightful to tell Mrs. Eliot about it all !”

Charles Eliot smiled back his thanks for her sympathy, feeling, indeed, that he could not readily find speech. For, to tell the truth, he had been almost more concerned, more anxious and nervous as to the issue

than even Dick himself. Failure of his own he could have faced with a shrug of the shoulder and a characteristic jest ; but failure for his son would well-nigh have unmanned him. Every round of applause from the house made him experience a sense of personal obligation and gratitude, and, in the fulness of his heart, he could have invited the audience *en masse* home to supper with him ; whilst one nobly appreciative person in the third row of the stalls he felt fain to ask over to The Leas for a month.

The last act of *Moonshine* was indisputably the best. This was as it should be. Real art never retrogrades. The interest of the comedy had increased with every scene, and rose to a climax as the curtain finally fell. Throughout the piece the dialogue was fresh and sparkling ; and, although the humour was often of a delicacy only to be fully relished by a cultured minority, the broader

touches of pathos and poetry developed by the plot appealed to all.

Meanwhile the author sat behind Dale, in the background of his box, with tears of triumph and thankfulness in his eyes. His success was so sudden, so dazzling, so beyond all expectation, that he was nearly over-powered by it. Only those who have experienced the sleepless doubt and anxiety attending the dramatist's *début* can estimate the intoxicating bliss that thrills him when victory crowns his efforts in the end. So nervous and desponding had Dick Eliot become by weeks of waiting, that when the actual hour of trial arrived—the moment that was to make or mar him—it was all his friend Dale could do to persuade him to be present at the theatre. Like Goldsmith, who, on the first night's performance of *She Stoops to Conquer*, was found mooning about St. James's Park, he would fain have abided

the issue of events amid darkness and solitude. Such a course, however, neither Dale nor East would tolerate.

"Finish your chop and come, old chap," urged the latter, as the three friends sat at dinner on the evening of ordeal. (Charles Eliot was with the Oglevies.)

"Here's your hat, Dick," said Dale, clapping it on the back of his head with affectionate zeal; "and here are your gloves. Bless me; how the boy trembles! You quiver like an asp, as servant-girls say. Come along, and don't be such a pump!"

So he came—saw, and conquered. And some eight feet above him, separated only by a few inches of plank and plaster, sat Phœbe Langham—sharing the Lucretian satisfaction of watching from the shore the struggles of others. And Phœbe applauded the play and enjoyed the jokes; and once, leaning over the front of her box, caught

sight of the top of our hero's head, which, however, she failed to recognise. There is a Procrustean uniformity about the parting of men's back hair that invalidates even the eye of affection.

At eleven o'clock the curtain descended. *Moonshine* was an accomplished fact. Loud above the storm of hand-clapping arose the cry of "*Author! author! author!*" Scarce knowing whether he were standing on his head or his heels, Dick Eliot was hustled out of his box by Oscar Dale and Manager Moody, and borne behind the scenes.

"Here! Give me your opera-glass," cried Dale.

"This way?" exclaimed Moody. "Take your hat—yes—so! Now then, Tompson, pull back the curtain. Go on, sir; go on!"

Dick blindly obeyed. He was conscious of being smitten with the fierce blaze of the footlights; of seeing beyond them a

confused swimming mist of faces ; of hearing a sea-like roaring in his ears ; of a knocking together of the knees, and an involuntary bending forward to the kettledrum in the orchestra—and then an arm drew him hastily back, and a dozen friendly hands of actors and actresses were stretched out to him in congratulation.

As for the audience, it saw a slight, pale-faced gentleman in evening dress, who bowed two or three times ere he retired, and whose only notable peculiarity was his extremely youthful appearance. Amongst those who failed to remark even this much was Miss Phœbe Langham. At the moment Dick came before the curtain her attention was called to the door of the box in which she sat by the entry of Lord Langsyne. All she caught sight of, on turning to the stage, were the tails of our hero's coat ; and thereupon the curtain covered his retreat.

“By Jove ! he’s a youngster,” said Sir Oliver, shutting up his glass. “ And a devilish clever one, eh, Fanny ?”

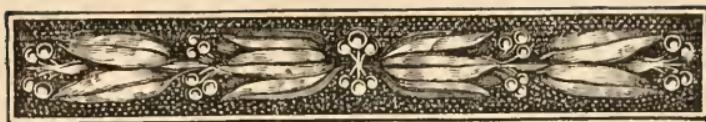
“ Oh, what a nuisance ! I didn’t see him, Oliver. And I wanted so, and all ! I’d have thrown him my roses. It’s *your* fault, my lord, I missed him. Tell me his name, somebody.”

“ Eldon, Rupert Eldon,” answered his lordship, referring to his programme.

“ That’s not his real name, though,” said the baronet. “ Dale introduced me to him, about a month ago, as a Mr.—Mr.—I forget what. Name’s nothing, however; the play’s the thing, isn’t it, Fanny ?”

“ And that was perfection,” quoth the young lady, conclusively. “ I’m ready now, Oliver. Let’s get out before the crowd.”





CHAPTER IX.

AN ACTRESS AT HOME.

BYRON woke up one morning, and found himself famous. In a lesser degree, so did Dick Eliot. The critics were agreed in pronouncing his comedy a success; and this critical agreement had all the wonderful unanimity now that such a rarity is said to have possessed in the days of Sheridan. Not that the spirit of concord among those whom Mr. Disraeli, with delicate impartiality, terms "the eunuchs of literature," is really so rare as one is led to believe. Praise is a contagious disease; and blame also. O'Hara's historical

burlesque, *Monsieur Latitude; or, I'll have your Rat!* (produced shortly before our hero's *Moonshine*) had been damned in a chorus whose stony-hearted harmony was uninterrupted by a single dissentient voice. His unmitigated failure O'Hara ascribed, *inter alia*, to the actors' imperfect study ; and this allegation was in a measure supported by the critique of the *Weekly Wash*, wherein the burlesque was alluded to as a piece “in which the prompter, who spoke his long and difficult part with much force and clearness of utterance, was alone worthy a call before the curtain.”

The many fail, the one succeeds. Dick Eliot was the happy hundredth, treading on the heels of the ninety-and-nine rejected suitors. Nor was his triumph ungrounded. Like all first works, his comedy had both faults and fault-finders, but neither were important enough to overshadow the general

brilliancy of its reception. That power of pinion, so conspicuous by its absence in the early flights of most literary fledglings, was his to an unwonted degree. Weakness, at least, was not amongst the defects of *Moonshine*. What the infant Hercules was to the infants of ordinary parents, this comedy was to the firstborn of ordinary dramatists ; and the one (as De Witt characteristically put it) was no less “a caution to snakes” than the other. For the spirit of anti-Grundyism was strong within our hero.

Brought now, more than ever, into association with the world theatrical, it is not surprising that Dick should, ere long, have encountered his old friend Phœbe—Fanny Lancaster of the Paragon. The wonder is, considering Mr. Dale’s acquaintance with her, that they had not met before. The Fates, however (who seemingly delight in making mortals play at hide-and-seek), had

willed otherwise; nor was it until a week after the events of our last chapter that the two young people came together again. And when the meeting did occur, it happened in a rather roundabout way.

Among the favoured few to whom Miss Lancaster was known when “at home,” not the least noteworthy was Fuseli Earl, the painter. A genius was this gentleman, and with more than the ordinary madness to which genius is said to be allied. Most people regarded him as downright crazy—a compliment he returned by regarding most people as downright fools. And this, at all events, argued no absence of reason on the painter’s part.

Fuseli Earl was an R.A. Also was he brother-in-law to Mrs. Beresford Earl, Margaret Oglevie’s aunt; a fact to which that lady could never be completely reconciled. Phœbe had been introduced to him by Lord

Langsyne, and had subsequently sat to him as a model. The witchery of face and figure displayed by the mermaidens in his famous picture, "Gods and Fishes," was but the reproduction of her manifold good gifts.

"I like Fanny Lancaster," the great artist would emphatically say. "Body o' me! I like her. She's a girl after my own heart."

"And if she *is* after it, she'll have it," remarked his lordship. "*Gardez bien, mon ami!* It'll be the old story of Apelles and Campaspe over again."

"In that case, Ely must play the part of Alexander, and give the lady away. But you mistake. Miss Lancaster, to me, is merely a work of art."

"A *chef-d'œuvre* of the modern school. Precisely."

"Be it so, my lord. But now let us go buy the child some playthings. She wants a white owl."

“*Crassa Minerva!* And wherefore?”

“To make the cat jealous, she *says*.”

“Ah! Fanny’s not the first practitioner that’s tried preliminary experiments on dumb animals.”

“Owls ain’t dumb; nor are cats. If you’d only hear an owl when he goes ‘tu-whit!’ or a cat when he goes to woo, you’d alter your opinion.”

An hour after the foregoing dialogue, two cabs drew up at the gate of the house in Daphne Road where Miss Lancaster had her abode. From out the first of these (a hansom) issued, somewhat hastily, an elderly-looking gentleman with a long silvery beard. Following him came a second gentleman, considerably younger, bearing in one hand a large wire cage, and in the other, swinging by a cord, an immense glass bowl. From the cage proceeded a confused flapping and fluttering of white wings and a succession of harsh, un-

earthly screams. The bowl was full of gold-fish, and *had* been full of water, but the greater part of this had splashed over in the cab, as the legs of the two gentlemen bore witness.

“For Heaven’s sake, make haste into the house, Earl!” exclaimed the elder of the pair, sharply pulling the bell at the postern. We shall have a crowd about us directly.”

“All very well to say make haste, but why the dickens don’t you help a fellow? Look, there’s a fish jumped out on the pavement. Be quick and pick him up, or he’ll be down the grating. Hang it! there goes another. ‘Pon my soul, I believe they’ve given us flying fish by mistake.”

The position was certainly embarrassing. There stood Fuseli Earl in his huge Tyrol hat, Vandyck moustache and beard, and loose artist costume; looking, with his white owl and goldfish, something like a magician on the

march. Startled by the weird music of the bird of wisdom (who, for once, seemed to have forgotten his attribute), the horse of the hansom was dancing fastastically about the road, to the delight of the group of *gamins* now beginning to assemble.

Moreover, the presence of the second cab, which was of the kind technically known as a “growler,” by no means tended to make matters less perplexing. This vehicle was laden with the spoils of Seven Dials—a collection of lop-eared rabbits and half-a-dozen Spanish fowls—that Earl had insisted on bringing as a present for Miss Lancaster, whose back-yard, he alleged, needed “local colouring.” The excited clucking and crowing of the poultry supplied a chorus to the infernal hooting of the owl that was calculated to rouse the whole neighbourhood.

At length, however, all the livestock was gathered together in the corridor of Phœbe’s

dwelling, and Lord Langsyne breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed upon the gaping crowd.

“Confound it, Earl ! this is carrying a joke too far.”

“Three miles and a quarter, the cabbies say ; but that’s a swindle,” answered Earl, gravely. “Do you know, my lord, there’s a fish missing still. There *were* a dozen, and now I can’t make more than eleven. Let’s go out and look for it.”

“No, no ! Leave the things as they are, and come into the room here !”

Into the room accordingly they went, and found it forlorn of its mistress.

“Most likely she’s in her bedroom,” suggested his lordship. “Knock at the door, Earl—it’s just at the top of the stairs, I believe—and let her know we are here.”

Earl did as he was asked, and the clear voice of Phœbe Langham at once responded :

“All right ! Be with you directly.”

“Make haste, then !”

Ten minutes elapsed before the young lady appeared.

“Well, young men ; how are you both ? Rather in a mess, it seems to me. What in the world have you been spilling over yourselves ?”

“Ah, that’s the water out of the globe,” answered Earl, glancing down at his legs. “Fanny, we’ve brought you some goldfish.”

“And an owl,” added Lord Langsyne.

“How jolly ! What shall we do with ‘em all ?”

“Eat them, if you like.”

“Or shall we try and make a Happy Family ?” suggested Phœbe.

“Happy family ? Happy thought !” murmured his lordship. “And I would be the Happy Father, eh ?”

"What a shame ! As if you didn't know what I meant!"

"*A la bonne heure!*" exclaimed Earl.
"*Mais vous avez des mots à vous, mon cher Père de famille ! C'est beau, par exemple.*"

"Say bo, indeed !" cried Phœbe, irritated, as usual, at hearing a language she could not understand. "Say bo to a goose!"

The two gentlemen laughed at this, and Phœbe hastened to change the subject.

"By-the-way," said she, suddenly, "I want one of you to introduce me to the writer of that piece I went to see the finish of at the Imperial the other night—*Moonshine* I mean. You know him, I suppose ; or soon can ? There was a character in it (the part Miss Bannister took) that would suit me ever so ! and I know Mam'selle is on the look out for something really fresh in the shape of a play. Sir Oliver says he's a

friend of Mr. Dale's ; but then Mr. Dale never shows up here now."

" I can bring him," observed Earl. " Not Dale—the other man. I've met him once or twice at my dear sister-in-law's house. But mind, Fanny ! no wiling and beguiling, and that sort of thing ; because he's spoons on our niece, I believe."

" Your niece ?"

" Mrs. Beresford's, I mean—Miss Oglevie. So's Dale, for the matter of that."

" Both of 'em ! She ought to be something special," said Phœbe, with prompt jealousy.

" She is," retorted Earl, sententiously.

" Oh, well ! I don't want to hear about her. She's nothing to me ; no more than—than the cat's aunt. What's she like ?"

" The cat's aunt ?"

" No, the niece."

" The cat's ?"

“Tiresome! I vow and declare I won’t speak another word to you for a month! Tell me—what is the real name of the *Moonshine* man?”

“Eliot.”

“Eliot?”

“Yes: Tom, Dick, or Harry. Dick, I think he’s called.”

“Dick Eliot!”

“Do you know him?”

“I——Does he come from Norfolk?”

“Yes.”

“Was he ever at Oxford?”

“I suppose so. I know he’s been at Abingdon, because he was talking about it the other evening. Do you know anything of him?”

Phoebe jumped up from her seat, with a little flush of colour in her face, and, opening the door of the room, gave a short, sharp whistle. The next moment there was a

frantic rush upstairs from the lower regions, and in dashed a small black terrier, panting and keenly expectant.

“Come here!” cried Phœbe; and she made him sit up in a begging posture before her.

“Satan, do we know anything of Dick Eliot?”

Satan saw that an answer was expected of him, and so thumped a facile tail vigorously on the carpet, and barked emphatically; whereupon Phœbe caught him up on her lap, showering haphazard kisses on him with the prodigality of a woman who has never known the lack of them.

“This is interesting,” said Lord Langsyne. “Is it the traditional long-lost brother, Fanny, or the irrepressible lover, sincere but seafaring, returned with gold galore from foreign parts?”

“Never mind,” answered the girl, nodding.

"We know what we do know—don't we,
Satan dear?"

And she began humming the popular music-hall song, "Nobody knows as I know," the while she unlocked her desk and drew forth pen and paper.

"I'm going to write a letter," said she, "To Rupert Eldon, E-s-q-u-i-r-e, Imperial Theatre; so you small boys must just try and be quiet a minute or two. Take that solitaire game of mine, and see if you can get off all the marbles but the middle one. It's no end instructive—the Polytechnic's a fool to it! Or would you rather go and talk to Mrs. Mardle?"

"We'll play neither with marble nor Mardle," quoth Fuseli Earl, "but we'll go into the back premises and sort away the birds, beasts, and fishes we've brought for you. What say you, my lord?"

"I'll say good-bye," replied Langsyne,

looking at his watch. “ You can manage the menagerie, whilst Circe here spreads her snares for this unfortunate young writer. Let us hope the Dramatic Authors’ Society may interfere to protect him.”

Left undisturbed, Miss Langham dashed at her task with characteristic intrepidity. Unluckily for one who was no respecter of person, she chose to write her letter in the third—a rock whereon many a warier woman has come to grammatical grief. The result was confusion.

If Mr. Richard Eliot (she wrote) would care to meet two old friends (“ Love me, love my dog,” thought Phœbe), and will call any afternoon at The Laurels, Daphne Road, W., we shall both be glad to see you (“ shan’t we, Satan ?”), and the sooner the better. Mr. Eliot is informed that the house is the fifth on the right, after turning the corner—I

don't think you can possibly mistake it—and
we remain, as ever, yours truly,

his

PHŒBE AND SA+TAN,

mark (the mark of the beast.)





CHAPTER X.

“QUE LES BEAUX ESPRITS SE RENCONTRENT !”

WHAT, as a rule, are the feelings with which a man re-encounters that particular light of other days, an old flame ? More often is he disappointed at the meeting than dazzled.

“Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?”

Was this the lamp round which we fluttered and scorched our wings ? We ourselves are changed ; but we incline to fancy that the change lies wholly with our early love, and wonder what on earth we could have seen in her to rave about. To a child’s gaze, mari-

golds are as sunflowers ; to a boy's eyes girls are as goddesses. And thus, when the man looks at the object he so admired in younger years, a sense of reaction comes over him, and brings with it coldness and criticism. Which is scarcely fair to the woman.

We do not mean to say that it was altogether in this spirit that Richard Eliot reconsidered Phœbe Langham ; but, at least, he did not look upon her with the eyes he had turned toward her of old. Nor can it be expected, indeed, that the dishes, hot and highly-spiced, left over from love's banquet, and let grow cool, may ever again be warmed up to their first flavour. Is it not Cowley who sings—

“ After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties drest again” ?

And such *réchauffé* is rarely a success.

Phœbe belonged to a variety of her sex—pliant, laughter-loving, happy-go-lucky lasses

—whereof Dick had now a wider experience; and, although his temperament was of that perilous artist sort, which the lust of the eye and the sense of external beauty may readily lead a dance devilward, there was, in his case, the influence of a pure passion, the abiding presence of a noble ideal, to take the place of the strong will and moral consciousness wherein he was deficient.

Phœbe, on her part, met our hero with somewhat mingled sentiments. He had been the first to awaken in her heart a warmth and emotion beyond the mere organic pulses needful for bare life; and not quite so easily with women are these things forgotten as with men. Old maids will treasure rose-leaves long after old bachelors have ceased to remember that the rose had ever a tender meaning in the language of flowers, and will recall the sweetness of the spring that bloomed when they bloomed with truly feminine per-

sistence. London pavements had not wholly crushed the Berkshire meadows in Phœbe's memory; and, half in scorn of her softness, half in wayward yearning for a lost delight, her blood tingled at the touch of Dick's hand anew. But, in many ways, the girl had learnt even more than the young man, had more been moulded by the world ; and, if she had any weakness for him lingering still, it was so disguised that he failed to suspect it.

The day on which Miss Langham wrote to Dick was a Thursday (the Thursday succeeding the production of *Moonshine*) ; and on the following afternoon he presented himself at the Laurels. At first he was conscious of a certain not unnatural embarrassment, but Phœbe, with professional frankness and *savoir faire*, speedily set him at his ease. So pleasantly, indeed, passed the time in the recital of their respective histories since last meeting (not, however, without reservations on either

side), and in mutual congratulations on present success, that it was not until his hostess declared it necessary she should prepare for the Paragon that her visitor thought of departing.

“By-bye,” said Phœbe, coming to the door with him. “Don’t let it be so long again before we meet. I haven’t picked up so many friends that I need to drop any of ‘em.”

“Oh,” said Dick, looking at her, “I should think *you* might easily pick up friends anywhere.”

“Very easily,” retorted Phœbe. “As easily as you might pick up threepenny pieces with the boxing-gloves on. Ever try *that*? It’s a capital way of making a shilling when you’ve nothing else to do, and a month to do it in. Have a go at it when you reach home, and with what you get you shall treat me to the Kensington Museum on the first free-day in September. There!”

Dick departed to his Bloomsbury chambers, but not to practise the employment Miss Langham had recommended. He was living alone now, for his friend East, heedless of political economy and the warnings of Malthusian Cassandras, had recently taken unto himself a wife, in the person of Fanny Woodrow. Mr. and Mrs. East set up house-keeping among the groves of Brixton, and, in the simplicity of their kindly hearts, would fain have had Dick to share their bower. This proposal, however, he wisely declined. The familiarities of two people breed the contempt of a third—*ergo*, a bride and bridegroom should be allowed to blush unseen.

On the morning after Dick's visit to Phœbe there came to him, by the midday post, a letter having the crest of Lord Langsyne. (Oscar Dale had once suggested that his lordship's armorial bearings should be a brook *courant*, with the motto “I go on for

ever !” underneath.) The letter read as follows :

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Although having the pleasure of knowing several of your friends, I do not yet possess the honour of an acquaintance with the author of *Moonshine*; and it is in the hope of being granted such honour that I beg leave to invite you to meet Miss Fanny Lancaster, Mr. Fuseli Earl, and a few other ladies and gentlemen, at supper to-night at my rooms in Piccadilly. Trusting you may excuse, and accept, an informal invitation to an impromptu gathering, believe me,

“ Dear sir,

“ Faithfully yours,

“ LANGSYNE.

“ Saturday morning.”

This communication, which flattered and

gratified its recipient more than a little, was the result of petticoat influence, and not (as our hero fondly imagined) the direct homage of patrician admiration for literary genius. The previous evening Lord Langsyne had taken Mr. Earl "behind" with him at the Paragon, where they had naturally held speech with Miss Lancaster.

"Fanny," observed his lordship, in the course of conversation, "you promised to come and dine with me, some day. When will it be?"

"Said the bells of Stepnee ;
I'm sure I don't know,
Said the great bell of Bow.'

Soon as you like—if that's early enough to suit you?"

"What do you say to Monday, at Durbourg's; or to-morrow, at Verey's?"

"When and where you will," answered the

young person gaily. “Time and place are all one to me.”

“Hush, my dear child, hush. You speak too lightly. Remember it was Lord Lytton who said, ‘Never treat money with levity : money is character’ ; and don’t forget it was Lord Langsyne who said the same of dinner. Never treat dinner with levity : dinner is character.”

“Well, how about those poor people who have neither money nor dinner ? Would you say they had no character also ? That would be rather *too* rough on them, I think. But look here. If I come and dine with you, what shall you give me ? Mind, I’m not going to be choked off with a thick soup. And do you think there’ll be anything with macaroons in ? Do you, now ?”

“It’s quite possible,” said his lordship, smiling ; “even if it’s only a bag. But as to the day ? Shall it be to-morrow ?”

“Can’t come to-morrow, because I’ve already asked Mrs. Mardle to order in a box of sardines for our own dinner. Say Monday.”

“Monday be it, then. And to-morrow we’ll have a quiet little supper party instead. Mam’selle has engaged herself to be there; so has Earl.”

“So will I,” said Phœbe, turning away to the chimney glass in the green-room, “if you’ll ask someone else as well.”

“Someone else? What someone? Ely?”

“No, not him; another someone. But it doesn’t signify.”

“Oh, it doesn’t, doesn’t it! Wretched young woman, what’s the villain’s name?”

“His name? His name is—it’s only a friend of Mr. Dale’s.”

“And of nobody’s besides, pray?”

“Yes, of Mr. Earl’s. It’s that young

fellow who's in what-d'ye-call-it—in love with his niece, you know. Mam'selle wants to see him, I believe, about writing us a piece ; and I fancy from what I saw of *Moonshine*, he could make a good part for me."

" Oh, indeed ! And that's why you're anxious to meet him ?"

Phœbe was conscious that it was a task well-nigh beyond the wit of woman to deceive Lord Langsyne with any degree of completeness, and she therefore decided on a compromise. Turning round suddenly from the glass, with a smile on her face, and an air of frank surrender, she exclaimed—

" Well, no ! that isn't why I am anxious to meet him. Fact is, I knew something about him before I came to London ; when I was in the country ; and he was—rather kind to me, you see."

After this fashion Miss Langham carried

her point, and our hero received from Lord Langsyne the letter we have quoted. The number of guests was increased from the originally intended four to a total of eight, each of whom owned a common bond of kinship. They were all, from the eldest to the youngest, children of Bohemia, sons and daughters of that mystic country which is wide as the world, lawless as the wind, catholic as the sky.

And on the subject of this same country, we would passingly remark, probably more nonsense has been written, more ignorance shown, more misrepresentation palmed off upon the public, than on any other subject of popular fiction. It has, indeed, evoked a vast amount of false and foolish utterance. Miss A., or Lady B., writes a novel. (Their qualifications for the task are best known to themselves, being by no means betrayed in their works.) They have, haply, been educated after the approved nineteenth century sort, and know

a little of everything—except of men and women. Deliberately turning their backs on their everyday surroundings, their own hearths and homes, they boldly plunge into a world with which they are as darkly unfamiliar as the contemporary New Zealander with London Bridge. They “introduce” us to Bohemia! Possibly they have read Henri Murger (a genuine Bohemian, no doubt; but a native who gave a decidedly narrow and one-sided view of his country), and further, having learnt German of a Professor of Modern Languages, they innocently imagine they have acquired the veritable Czech accent. Nothing of the kind, good people! We would bid you go down into the land you seek to picture, but that you would never find your way there. For the boundaries of Bohemia are as undefined as those of Poesy or Faërie; nor are all that dwell in Bohemia Bohemians.

Many of the true tribe, indeed, have become citizens of more conventional nations, holders of high places, moving unsuspected (save by one another) among their straiter-laced brethren. Here, with us, Bohemia is represented in Parliament (it returns more than one member), bears commissions in both army and navy, and even has friends at Court. Ere now it has furnished a Prime Minister, although never, we believe, a Lord Mayor. And there be those that are Bohemians, as men are fools, without knowing it ; whilst others assume the nationality, though they have it not. Jack Falstaff, we admit, had heard the chimes at midnight ; but what of Robert Shallow, Esquire, Justice of the Peace ? Brag as he will of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ; talk as he may of his boon companions, “ Little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis

Pickbone, and Will Squale, a Cotswold man"—we are slow to accept him as a son of the soil he lays claim to, and incline to share Sir John's opinion of his veracity.





CHAPTER XI.

“FOLLY AS IT FLIES.”

BUT to come back to our own particular Bohemians—the party of eight which met on a Saturday night at Lord Langsyne's rooms in Piccadilly. We are not going to chronicle the doings of this party. It in no wise differed from most other parties, save that it was rather amusing. It ate and drank, gossiped and flirted, played the piano and the fool, sang, and even danced. And since it did not assemble until eleven o'clock (its quartet of lady-members being hard at work, poor dears, up to that time), it is perhaps

pardonable that it should have overleapt “the midnight hour of pillows,” and held on toward the dawn of another day. For there wasn’t a single strict Sabbatarian among them.

At about six a.m., Phœbe Langham, panting from the final round of a final waltz, threw herself on a low chair by one of the open windows and pulled aside the blind. Straight entered daylight, and the chandelier looked dissipated. A faint haze lay over the Green Park, which stretched before the girl’s eyes —eyes warm with wine, gazing from a flushed young face, whereabout the fair hair fell loosely. The early morning was cool and silent; and Piccadilly, with dew on its doorsteps, seemed almost Arcadian. Birds were chirping among the trees opposite; through the park railings one could see the grass silvery with moisture; and, though the roadway was yet in pearly shadow, sunbeams were

glancing on the houseroofs, and gradually stealing downward. Looking out upon this sweet Sabbath dawn of peace and purity, of freshness and unwonted calm, Phœbe experienced a sudden heartfelt longing—for soda-water ; and said so.

“*A la bonne heure !*” cried her host, who showed as enviably bright as a beauty in her hoydenhood. “Soda-water be it. For wine, which maketh glad the heart of man, not unfrequently maketh ache the head of man as well. Soda, my dear children, is one of the prime blessings of civilization ; the all-alleviating Schweppe is the friend in need of suffering and seedy thousands! On the threshold of the day it meets erring but repentant youth with its mild and healing influence—heaviness may endure for a night, but soda cometh in the morning! It is the *elixir vitæ* of the nineteenth century! the Good Samaritan of liquors, that ‘picks us up’ when we

have fallen among the spirituous thieves that steal away our brains ! And what the poet has said of woman, I would say of soda :

‘ O, soda ! in our hour of ease
Uncertain joy, you hardly please :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou ! ”

Thus eloquently his lordship, evoking laughter and applause. As for Dick Eliot, he was intoxicated. Not actually (although, as quaintly says the quaint old history of Howleglas, “he had a lytel dronk to much wine”), but figuratively, morally. For there had been more than enough about this gathering to fascinate a young man, and turn his head. What with sparkling eyes and wines and wits, the thing had seemed as brilliant to him as those “done at the ‘Mermaid,’ ” which Beaumont has immortalised in his lines to Johnson. Wherefore, when there arose a suggestion for an hour or two’s drive in the

cool of the August morning, and a subsequent return to Piccadilly to breakfast, Dick was ripe to vote for its adoption.

Phoebe Langham had been the proposer of this rational diversion, and Helen Zelzah, Fuseli Earl, and our hero elected to join her. The remaining guests thereupon made their adieux, whilst his lordship promptly issued orders for a small wagonette from the neighbouring mews, and for breakfast against the reappearance of his friends. Shortly after, he wished them "*bon voyage et bon appetit,*" and so departed to his well-earned repose.

Some four hours later, between ten and eleven of the clock, two young persons might have been seen wending their way along Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner. They did not seem as though going to church, because they had no gloves with them, nor even so much as a prayer-book. Moreover, there was that in their attire and general air which

hardly accorded with the self-conscious severity of the Briton when pacing kirk-ward. Such Britons, indeed, regarded this pair with censorious side-glances of inquiry and distrust, as though looking upon creatures of another (but not a better) world. And to another world, in truth, they belonged ; or if there were any kind of kinship, any kind of harmony, between them and their critics, it was of that less patent and subtler sort which lies between the good people of a frontispiece in the *Sunday at Home*, say, and those freelier-outlined folk of the *Petit Journal Pour Rire*.

Dr. Watts (of “dogs delight”-ful memory) has told us that Satan findeth mischief still for idle hands to do ; and the same gentleman (the devil, not the doctor) would seem equally to cater for idle tongues. Dick Eliot, seeing Miss Langham home from Lord Langsyne’s, talked a vast deal of nonsense to

her on the way ; and Phœbe, in answering, uttered her responses aloud. Coming to the corner of the Park, the young lady espied an expectant shoe-black (not yet warned from his nefarious trade by a Sabbatical police), and thereupon insisted on stopping to have her boots brushed. "Poor little darlings ! they do so want it," said she ; and although, in saner moments, Dick might have preferred not remaining under the eyes of a church-going public more than was absolutely needful, his present mood was such that this disregard of the respectabilities had a positive relish for him.

Phœbe accordingly placed a dainty high-heeled *bottine* upon the block before her, holding herself steady by a hand on Dick's shoulder. Revelry yet sparkled in the eyes of these two foolish youngsters, and their tongues still babbled bravely ; but for one of them, at least, a Nemesis was drawing nigh.

“Then ‘tisn’t true, Dick? You’re not engaged, after all, as that wretched old Fusileer Earl hinted? (I always call him Fusileer, do you know; it makes him so jolly riled.) But you may be in love, though?”

“*I* engaged? Deuce a bit!” cried Dick, ignoring the final query of his companion. “How, pray, is a poor author like I to keep a wife, Phœbe? Wives are white elephants, by Jove, nowadays!”

“What d’ye mean—white elephants? (Boy alive! don’t black the patent part; it’s as much as your place is worth!) Strikes me, my friend, you are getting a little light-headed. Wives white elephants? Husbands black sheep, is what you meant to say.”

Dick laughed. “Think *you’d* do for a penny-a-liner’s wife, Phœbe?”

“’Course I should! Why not!”

“Have to cook the joint, you know!”

“We’d eat cold meat only.”

"And make the beds!"

"Buy 'em ready-made at starting. (Easy with that brush, Tommy ; you're not sweeping a crossing !) But what's the use of talking like that to me, Dick ?"

"None at all. I hear you are bespoken already."

"Who told you that, pray ?" cried the girl, hotly.

"Who ? Oh—a little bird."

"A little bird, indeed ! Then the little bird was a great liar."

"There is a bird called the Lyre, I know. Native of Australia ; genus *Menura*."

"Genus my grandmother !" exclaimed Phœbe, laughing in spite of herself. "But I say ! Don't move, or you'll tipple me over ! Dick !"

Dick had given a sudden start, and now, as she looked at him, she saw the colour come and go, the blood flame and fade.

in his cheek with pitiable, overwhelming confusion. What in the world was the matter? From round the corner of Park Lane there appeared a party of four ladies and a gentleman, followed by a page-boy bearing books. The ladies were the eldest Miss Muffle Drummond and her mother, Mrs. Beresford Earl (with her husband), and Margaret Oglevie. Dick lifted his eyes in despair. If the mantle of Wellington (whose statue stood to the right), or the shield of Achilles (whose statue stood to the left), could have fallen over him then and there, though it had crushed him, he would have been thankful! The group drew nearer—nearer—passed by. Dick heeded not the Gorgon-like glance of the matrons, the virtuous reprobation of Miss Muffle Drummond, nor the cynical regard of old Beresford Earl. These were as nothing to him. All he thought of was Margaret. For a second

he knew that she looked at him—that he stood beneath her gaze. Was it womanly pain or virginal pride, was it sorrow or scorn, reproach or aversion, that showed itself in the girl's pale face and clear grey eyes? Only an instant, and she was gone; but the momentary look, potent as the touch of Ithuriel's spear, had stripped away the base outer husk of devil-bred illusion, and brought him the bitterness of self-revelation.





CHAPTER XII.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

EARLY in the afternoon of the following day (Monday) Phœbe Langham was surprised by the appearance of Dick Eliot. He looked pale, and unhappy and desperate.

A feeling of compassion momentarily moved her, but jealousy (a less worthy, though quite as womanly, sentiment) almost instantly took its place.

Dick dropped wearily into a seat, without speaking.

“ Well ?” began Phœbe, with hard eyes and voice ; “ what’s up now ?”

"It's all over!" said Dick, brokenly.
"Over and ended! And serves me right, I suppose."

"Satisfactory to know that, at all events,"
quoth Phœbe.

Women can be very cruel at times; and this woman, although clearly perceiving Dick's suffering, yet suffered in such wise herself, that the perception of it made her the more relentless. The consciousness that she was nothing—less than nothing—to the man before her; that in his grief and present despair no thought of her had influence with him; that all the evidence of love she witnessed arose on behalf of another, not for herself—this wounded, embittered, maddened her!

And Dick was blind and selfish, as men are; not recking of the pain he caused, but exquisitely alive to that he felt. Wherefore, sensible only of overtaking darkness and

sudden ill, he now was come to relieve him of his distressful story, gropingly seeking sympathy, craving some touch of comfort, longing for a word of encouragement.

Phœbe let him tell his tale, and even (with eyes growing fierce and small hands clenched) helped him on with it when he broke down ; but her woman's heart cried passionately against his speech, resenting it as a wrong, and his very presence as a torture and an affront. For, alas ! she could not forget the past.

Dick (it appeared) had been that morning to Mrs. Beresford Earl's house, in the hope of seeing Margaret ; but instead thereof, he had been received by her aunt, at whose hands he was promptly extinguished. That lady cherished views of her own for her niece, and was by no means sorry to have the opportunity of giving a check to what she regarded as the “ undue intimacy ” between Margaret and young Eliot.

"After the spectacle of yesterday, Mr. Eliot, I confess I am surprised that you should presume to ask for Miss Oglevie. Beneath this roof, at least, I cannot sanction any communication between my niece and yourself. I look upon her, Mr. Eliot, as a daughter; and I may venture to assert that I am speaking her own sentiments in what I now say to you. No, Mr. Eliot; she is yet under my protection; but I may inform you that she returns to Norfolk to-morrow, and Mr. Oscar Dale, we hope, may escort her. You perhaps are not aware that Mr. Dale has long paid marked attentions to Miss Oglevie, and that the prospect of so desirable a match is one which her friends can but regard with approval. No possible purpose can be served by your seeing her, and I therefore wish you good morning, Mr. Eliot."

Dick, stunned and baffled, had taken this

dismissal mutely ; and, ere quitting the house, his discomfiture was accidentally made complete. Through the glass doors at the back of the entrance-hall his wistful eyes had travelled into the small garden beyond.

There, with faces partially averted from him, were Margaret Oglevie and Oscar Dale ! Margaret was seated on the bench beneath the smoky old pear-tree, whilst her companion, evidently talking earnestly, stood beside her.

Dick made a half-step toward them ; then turned and hastily strode forth into the street, heedless whither he went. Half unconsciously he had taken his way toward Daphne Road, and hence resulted his appearance at The Laurels.

Somewhat of all this (interrupted by wild words of self-reproach and wilder praise of Margaret) did Phœbe gather from Dick. In his excitement he had risen from his seat, and was pacing the room restlessly to and

fro ; whereas Phœbe herself lay back in a low American chair, with legs crossed defiantly man-wise, and the upper foot so swinging as to provoke her small Angora kitten, Fluff, to nervous sidelong movements and spasmodic antics by its perpetual motion.

" Ah ! I suppose, then, you're come here for —for sympathy, and that sort of thing, eh ?" said she, as Dick, ceasing, threw himself again into his seat.

He looked up at her, blankly, dimly awaking to the suppressed passion in her voice.

" Why do you come to *me* with your tales of this pale-faced paragon ?" cried the girl, tone and temper rising together. " Do you fancy there's no feeling in the world but yours and hers ? I'm sick to death of hearing of these washed-out women and their goodness, and graces, and virtues, and the rest of it ! As if one girl would ever believe another to be such an angel as all that. A deal *you*

know about women, don't you? But men are all alike—blinder than bats. So they are. And it's hateful, it is!"

"Phœbe!"

"Don't call me Phœbe! I won't hear you. Go back to your Miss Oglevie, and say I sent you. An angel, indeed! Yes; *I* know the sort of girls men call angels. A girl that's skimp and consumptive, and goes to church before breakfast with a big cross on her prayer-book, and comes home with a headache! one of those women that sigh, and like white soups, and make a man go upstairs in front of them, for fear they should show their ankles! An angel! I dare say your angel is only an ordinary woman like the rest of us, and not a bit better than she——"

"*Stop!*" exclaimed Dick, springing to his feet, white and wrathful. "You don't know whom you are talking of! How *should* you? How *can* a girl like you even conceive the

beauty and purity of such a one as she ? What can *your* nature understand of a nature as high above it as Heaven above earth ? She, thank God ! is of those that make men worthy—not that leave them worthless ! And *you* speak of *her* ! dare to—what do *you* know of noble thought or generous action ?”

These two 'young creatures were standing facing one another now, a tumult of passion in the heart of each. Pale and defiant was their aspect, bitter and vehement their speech. Not a whit would Phœbe flinch at the barbed words Dick so ruthlessly flung forth ; but no sooner, these uttered, had he snatched up his hat and rushed from out the house, than she sank back into her seat and burst into a storm of tears.

For a while her only feeling was one of anger and wounded pride. Her self-regard had been cruelly mortified. But with Phœbe passion had the brevity, as well as somewhat

of the swiftness and intensity, of a tropical tempest; and presently her sobs began to subside, her heaving bosom to grow calmer. Then she wiped her eyes, and rose, and went to the glass. Seeing so woe-begone a face, there dawned upon her the humiliating suspicion that she had been making rather a fool of herself.

“ What a hot-headed young idiot I am ! ” ejaculated Phœbe, smoothing her ruffled hair, and eyeing her reflection disdainfully. “ Why, I’ve been going on anyhow. Fluff would have behaved better than that, wouldn’t you, Fluff ? I didn’t *think* I was such a silly ! Shouldn’t have believed, even if I’d been told —and I should just like to have caught any one telling me ! ”

But although Miss Langham thus early recovered a measure of her wonted philosophy, the parting words of our unhappy hero rankled in her heart persistently. “ What

do you know of noble thought or generous action?" And what did she? mused poor Phœbe to herself. Once she had thought of giving up either the ostrich-feather fan, or the wreath of lotus-flowers she wore as Charmian, to her "wild bedfellow," Iras (Kitty Codling)—this was a noble thought! But then, as she had not done so, there wasn't any generous action.

All through her evening's performance at the Paragon Dick's sharp query was ringing in her ears. It set itself to the music of the orchestra, and robbed the applause of its sweet savour, leaving it honeyless. Half the night she lay awake thinking of it—worried, stung, stimulated by it—and at last, when the morning was come, she had strung herself up to a mighty resolution.





CHAPTER XIII.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN AND ONE YOUNG MAN.

MEANWHILE, Margaret Oglevie, at her aunt's house in Belgravia, was preparing for her return home to Norfolk. The London season had been an exceptionally late one; but, even after this was fully ended, Mrs. Beresford Earl had induced her niece to prolong her stay in town until she herself was ready to quit it also. And though the time had now come when to be seen in London (all the "best" people having left it) was as little respectable as to be seen in Sodom after the departure of Lot and his wife, Margaret yet

was secretly inclined to linger. Her desire was to see Richard Eliot before she went ; to let him know that she, at least, did not hastily prejudge him, nor credit a jot of the injurious interpretations given by others to the scene of Sunday. True, the sight had troubled, had pained her ; but, doubtless, there were things to be set down in extenuation, and haply, when the actual facts of the matter came to be stated, it might even be construed in Dick's favour ! For, as usual in this maiden's judgment of sinners, there was left a nobly liberal margin for possible whitewashing.

Nevertheless, when Sunday passed, and Monday followed, and Tuesday morning went by, without word or sign from Dick (no inkling had reached her of his visit), the girl's heart grew sorrowful within her. Still she failed not to make allowances, and imagine excuses for him, bethinking that he might

not wot of the evil reading people gave to appearances, or perchance that his trust in her regard was such that he held no explanation needful. The children born of true love (as the Graces born of Beauty) are three—Faith, Hope, and Charity. And greatest of these three is Charity.

The train by which Miss Oglevie intended leaving London went from Shoreditch at half-past two o'clock, and it was now noon. It had been arranged that Mr. Dale should meet her at the station, and travel down to Norwich as her escort—an honour he was but too glad to have assigned to him. Already the final details of her packing had been superintended by Margaret; the last of her minor belongings had been collected; and nothing now remained save to have luncheon and depart. Sitting in her bedroom, with hands lying idle in her lap, and “the malady of thought” reviving afresh, there suddenly

came a knock at the door, which was followed by the appearance of a maid-servant, bearing a card.

Margaret took it from the girl, and read the name “Fanny Lancaster” engraved thereon.

“Lady asked to see you, miss ; I’ve shown her into the breakfast-room.”

“Very well,” said Margaret, vaguely conjecturing who might be her visitor ; “I’ll come down directly. You are sure, Mary, it is I that am wanted—not your mistress ?”

“Yes, miss ; lady wished to see you.”

Margaret (with that supernumerary glance at the glass, wherewithal the least self-indulgent of women are wont to refresh themselves on every such occasion) passed from her bedchamber to the lower floor. Entering the breakfast-room, she perceived the slight figure of a prettily—if rather daringly—dressed young person standing in the em-

brasure of the window. The closing of the door caused her to turn round, and, with an involuntary start of recognition, Margaret beheld before her the girl that had been Dick Eliot's companion when last she had seen him —on Sunday, at Hyde Park Corner.

Slightly bowing, in salutation to her visitor, Miss Oglevie gravely awaited her speech ; whilst Phœbe's keen regard, with a searching swiftness, took in the manifold details of feature and attire of the young lady she confronted. Doubtless, with some such eye to style of *coiffure* and cut of bodice, did Julia scrutinise Silvia, when approaching her on behalf of the fickle Proteus.

“Good morning,” said Phœbe. “Possibly you don't know me. I'm Fanny Lancaster, of the Paragon.”

Phœbe's world was not a very wide one ; but, having small perception, and less heed, of any other, she fancied that her professional

name must needs meet with recognition throughout society generally.

"Yes; I see so from this card," answered Margaret, quietly.

("Gracious!" ejaculated Phœbe to herself, "why I believe she'd never heard of me before. Must be rather ignorant, I should think, or p'raps that aunt keeps her cooped up, poor thing!")

"I act at the Paragon Theatre," continued Miss Langham. "Played Charmian, in the burlesque there, to Mam'selle Zelzah's Cleopatra. George Yates (little dark man—hair cut like a sealskin jacket) was Mark Antony."

Margaret mutely inclined her head by way of acknowledgment for this information.

"But Fanny Lancaster, you know, is only my theatrical name. In reality, it's Phœbe Langham."

"Phœbe Langham!" repeated Margaret, looking at the girl with suddenly deepened

interest. “Are you Phœbe Langham? I’ve heard *that* name before.”

“Fancy! And not the other?”

“No; not the other.”

“What a rum—How very odd! But p’ra’ps Mr. Eliot has mentioned me to you?”

“No,” said Margaret, gently; “I have never heard Mr. Eliot speak of you.”

Phœbe glanced up at her, sharply; then, meeting her eyes, felt involuntarily ashamed of the doubt which the action had implied. (“My goodness! She’ll speak nothing but the truth—that’s certain!” And Phœbe was conscious of feeling uncomfortably abashed at the perception of such unwonted virtue in her sex.)

“Ah, well! It don’t matter. But anyhow, if he never spoke of *me*, I’m going to speak of *him*! Oh, please, you must listen,” exclaimed Phœbe, quickly, seeing Miss Oglevie hesitate. “It’s really *serious*

Margaret—the faint colour of her cheek grown fainter—sat down beside the table, and Phœbe thereupon followed her example. The latter's gaze was mainly given to the square of carpet immediately at her feet, the pattern of which she sedulously traced out with the point of her parasol whilst speaking.

“I dare say,” began Phœbe, uttering her words rapidly, yet with a certain suggestion of effort in her speech, “you know that Mr. Eliot and me are not new acquaintances? I used to see something of him before I came to London, when he was at Oxford and I was at Abingdon. Abingdon, you know, is a small place, close by Oxford—half-an-hour’s drive, perhaps. It’s on the Thames; only the Thames is different there to what it is here—oh, ever so different!—and in the summer evenings, after tea, the girls and boys go walking along the meadows by the river side,

till they come to the lock, where the wooden bridge with the little swinging gate is ; and the girls have to pay toll there—give a kiss, you know—before they are let pass over. It's dreadfully silly, of course ; but, you see, I was quite a young thing then, and you *do* act foolishly, don't you, when you're young like that?"

Thus seriously Phœbe, looking back, as from a remote height, upon the frivolous youth of a year agone. Margaret's perception—ever keen, self-ignoring, and sympathetic—divined the deeper thought that underlay the speaker's words, and could picture to herself these summer fields at even-time, the tender presence of the twilight, and the sweet straying of a girl's fancy. Somewhat of this quick sympathy of hers may have revealed itself in her face, for Phœbe, momentarily glancing up at her, continued speaking in softened tones.

"I used to meet Mr. Eliot now and then by Abingdon Lock, and once he took me with him in his boat as far as Nuneham. It was on a Sunday. Of course there was nothing in it, except that he was kind to me, and somehow spoke different to what the other Oxford gentlemen did, and I, you know, wasn't quite happy at Uncle Joe's. It was one Sunday that we went to Nuneham, and the acorns were lying about in the woods—lots of 'em! And so, you see, I got to like him, and to think of him, and all that—just as girls will. But still there was nothing in it, you understand."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Margaret, in a low voice, more to herself than to Phœbe.

"Are you, though? Well, that's rather good of you, because I haven't been speaking at all nice about you. But then I was as wild as wild, and didn't care what I said one bit! Besides, I thought you were something

altogether different to what you really are. I expected to be treated to nothing but pride, and primness, and Scripture texts; and I fancied you'd have your hair in a net, and would wear mittens and no dress improver—not even ever such a little one! But you *do*," concluded Phœbe, with vehemently ungrammatical contrition; "and I'm very sorry I spoke as I did."

"Pray think no more about it," said Margaret, smiling at the girl's impulsive manner of speech. "I feel sure that you have a good and kind heart, and would speak no real harm of anybody."

"Ah! that shows how little you know me. *You* may be like that—I dare say you are—but I'm not. Only get my blood up, and I'm *awful!* Downright dreadful I am! The way I went on with Mr. Eliot yesterday, for instance, was a caution. It was after he'd left here, you know, and been told——"

"Left here! And been told what?"

"Why, that you wouldn't see him, and were going to get engaged to Mr. Dale, and break his heart, poor dear!" cried Phœbe in a breath. "And how ever you *can*, I can't think!"

Margaret rose to her feet.

"It's untrue," she said, with simple dignity. "I have never refused to see Mr. Eliot—I did not even know he had called. And no person has a right to couple my name with that of Mr. Dale."

Phœbe regarded her mutely, with a feeling of growing admiration and respect.

"She *cares* for Dick Eliot, I'm certain—must do; but how wonderfully well she keeps it to herself! *I* couldn't act like that, for the life of me! It's beautiful! I begin now to know what men mean by a lady."

Then, seeing that Margaret did not again resume her seat, Phœbe hastily recurred to

the thread of her discourse, entreating a brief hearing for her words.

She told of Dick's visit to Daphne Road, of his despair and desperation, and the evil issues she feared therefrom. With a touch of what, in a man, we should call chivalry, but, in a woman, caprice, she sought to make light of her own feeling in the matter, intimating that it was no more than the perversity and passing jealousy of the moment. Eagerly, and even eloquently—heedless of Margaret's endeavour to check her—she pleaded Dick's cause, the new-born nobility within her stirring her onward to consummate the sharp sacrifice of self.

And when she paused, Margaret made answer in such words of gentle acknowledgement and earnest, far-sighted sympathy as awoke in her a sense of struggling resolve, of mingled gratitude, penitence, and novel aspiration, filling her heart to overflowing,

and bringing gracious tears into her eyes. Margaret's hand was holding hers when the door opened and gave entry to Mrs. Beresford Earl.

"Why, Maggie, you've surely forgotten the time. Pray make haste to get some lunch, or you'll lose your train. And—I ask pardon ; but—er—who is this young lady ?"

"This young lady," said Margaret, with a courage Phœbe keenly appreciated, "is Miss Langham, the friend Richard Eliot had with him last Sunday. Good-bye, Phœbe—and God bless you !"

Meanwhile, there had occurred on the part of our hero an action which bade fair to frustrate all immediate result of the well-meant step that Phœbe Langham had taken on his behalf. And, lest we should give cause for accusation of the unpardonable sin of "spinning out" our story, we shall sum up the events of the month or five weeks here

ensuing with a brevity as nearly Spartan as may be.

Like Miss Langham, Dick Eliot passed a restless night after their interview at Daphne Road ; and, like her, he confronted the morrow with a mind made up for notable achievement. Bluntly put, the conclusion of many hours of troubled and conflicting thought was this : Firstly, he wasn't worthy of Margaret Oglevie ; never had been, nor ever should be. Secondly, Oscar Dale was not merely a better match, but a better man, than himself. Thirdly and lastly (here was the tug and triumph !) let the best man win her, while he, the worser, went off out of the way until the happiness of these two was assured ; and his own bitterness become a thing familiar.

But Dick had no notion of betraying himself by the repetition of any exit so crudely dramatic as that which he had made from

Oxford, and hence arranged to quit town as a sane young gentleman should. He wrote an easy, gossipping epistle to his father, wherein he incidentally announced his intention of a trip across the Channel, alleging that everyone was leaving London, and that he fancied he had fairly earned the right to a holiday. He promised to send news of his whereabouts anon ; and by noon next day he found himself (as he chose to phrase it) “going to the devil, *via* Rotterdam and the Rhine.”

A few hours after his departure Phœbe Langham called at his chambers in Bloomsbury in order to make the *amende honorable* by relating the story of her visit to Miss Oglevie, and the encouraging facts she had learnt thereby.

But alas ! the bird was flown, and, worse still, had left no address. In this dilemma (being filled with the direst misgivings as to Dick’s possible action) Phœbe resolved to

communicate with Mr. Dale, frankly explaining the why and the wherefore, and imploring him to seek out and save the man he called his friend. ("They used to be as thick as David and What's-his-name," mused Miss Langham; "and if he can't have her himself, I'm sure he'd like Dick Eliot to. Somehow, men aren't like women about such things.")

But, although the proposed letter was written by Phœbe, and her conscience thus relieved, it was a full month before it reached Dale's hands. Knowing of none other address than that of his club, the writer had directed her missive thither, relying on its being duly forwarded to the person for whom it was intended.

This, however, had not been done. Mr. Dale had left no orders with the hall porter as to correspondence, and consequently it was not until he came to town in person, on a

casual visit, that the letter was delivered him. The effect of its perusal was to cause him at once to telegraph to The Leas for Dick's address, which obtained, he wrote such a letter to that young gentleman as induced his return to London with as little delay as might be.

The two men met at Dick Eliot's rooms.

"Hullo!" said Dale, entering.

"Hullo!" said Dick.

"You're come back, then?"

"Yes, I'm come back."

"Glad to see you, old man."

"Thank'ee. Any news?"

So much for the greeting between *Aeneas* and his *fidus Achates* after a month's parting, and with an all-absorbing matter at question between them. But then we English are not effusive, holding outward sign of emotion obnoxious, if not indecent.

Presently, however (having thus satisfac-

torily proved their nationality), they became more communicative, and Dale broached the one topic at the heart of each.

“ You’ve read the letter I sent you ?”

“ Yes, I’ve read it. And oh ! Dale, believe me I’m sor——”

“ Hush, child ! Whatever is, is right. As I told you, I proposed to Margaret Oglevie, and discovered what Phœbe Langham has now confirmed—that she likes someone else better.”

Dick said nothing ; and, after a pause, Dale resumed :

“ She’s a noble girl, and the man who wins her—let him be the best breathing—must needs become a better for her love’s sake. To-morrow’s her birthday, Dick. You had better go down and see her.”

Dick nodded his head, and answered huskily :

“ I will.”

"I've no present to give her: I've offered what I had," said Oscar Dale; "but I send you. And—(shake hands, Dick)—she'll like nothing better."





CHAPTER XIV.

MARGARET'S BIRTHDAY.

HE misty breath of the September morning was yet hanging over the land as the train which bore Dick from London passed from the skirts of the smoky town into the open country beyond. The night dews lay heavy on the silent pastures and stubble-fields, and deepened the green of the broad turnip-leaves, where among the stealthy hare, alert of ear, was nibbling a noiseless breakfast. In woods and leafy places a drip of moisture fed the rich black soil beneath ; tiny toadstools, bald and cold-pated (that yester-night were not), ap-

peared under the shade of weeping firs ; and maple, and ash, and wide-spreading chestnut began to show touches of alien colour amid their foliage. All along the line the rails were wet and shining ; the tops of gates and gate-posts were hoary with clinging damp ; cattle loomed vaguely through the haze, with steaming flanks and nostrils ; spiders' webs, delicately poised among the dew-drenched blackberry-bushes, glistened like silvery lace ; and the cold green life of hollows and fern-grown dells was cooler and greener than ever.

There was the promise of a fair day—in that fairest of all English seasons, September. As the train sped onward through meadow and woodland, Dick noted how the near foliage stood out against a soft background of dreamy mist ; how, between the dark tree-trunks, the dumb sea of vapour grew denser in the distance, and vague outlines

vaguer, until all form was lost ; how a sense of ancient peace and most wise leisure possessed the morning, whose patient hours slowly unfolded themselves toward the brightness, yet unborn, that lingered behind the floating veil of Autumn.

Gradually the mist about the east gleamed with faintly suffused light, that spread, and widened, and grew stronger, till at last a ray of slanting sunshine pierced through the wavering vapour and smote the woodside with sudden gladness. A trembling host of dewdrops caught and reflected the broadening beam, and twinkled like diamonds among the leaves. Thinner and thinner yet became the loitering mist. Overhead the sky already was blue and clear ; but with Nature, meek in action as mighty in achievement, there is never any haste. She works with an irresistible gentleness and placid power, bringing dawn to the nations and dew to

the grass-blade with a like painstaking impartiality. Slowly and imperceptibly the mist dispersed, withdrawing to the distant hills, where all day it lay soft and sleepy and dreamful to the view, waiting until the strong-eyed sun, its day's task fulfilled, should suffer it once more to steal down through the woods and hold the autumn fields.

Margaret's birthday ! The thrushes and blackbirds had still a song to sing, although their friends, the leaves, were changing around them, and the year was growing staid. Not quite, perhaps, as in earlier tide was the sound of their voices. The memory of gladness, and the hope that it may come back, cannot speak as did the joy filling the heart when the long day was too short to tell it all, and melody outlasted the sun and overflowed into the night. Yet their singing was wholly sweet and good to hear,

and made the bright sunshine brighter to whoso hearkened. Dick could catch their notes at times when the train halted at small country stations, where the one porter bore a Michaelmas daisy in his buttonhole, and the station-master's children came home from school bringing treasures of hazel-catkins and fir-apples.

In all the quiet beauty and tenderness of the morning Dick seemed to feel the presence, to apprehend the gentle spirit, of Margaret Oglevie.

In the clear unfaltering song of the thrush ; in the delicate grace of the wayside flower ; in the innocent regard of the young children ; in the patient, trustful eyes, dark and dewy, of the cattle, as they lifted their heads to greet the sun ; in the brave sun itself, shining through the mist, and bringing brightness and hope to the day and its labourers—in all that was pure and lovely and loving

there was for him a sense of Margaret and her goodness. And each moment was bearing him nearer to her, and farther from the seething city, with its wide crime and misery, its breed of fierce passions and unworthy strivings. His heart was filled with thankfulness and humility and fervent yearning for the right. It was Margaret's birthday ; and, though he might approach her with the offering of true love, he knew that it was a greater gift than his which he sought from her in return.

Somewhat before noon Dick found himself in Norwich. Resigning the idea of making his way at once to The Coppice—inasmuch as at this hour luncheon would probably be in process, and Margaret occupied—he turned his steps to the Regent Hotel, where the first person he encountered was Mr. Sydney Draycott.

“ My dear Richard, I'm delighted to see

you ! And how—er—how well you are looking ! Blooming, positively blooming. But they told me you were abroad."

"So I were—was," said Dick, shortly, not feeling, in his present humour, at all disposed for a *tête-à-tête* with his godfather. "I only came back yesterday. Just ran over to hear the news."

"Exactly, exactly ! And, having heard the town news, you—er—you thought you would seek that of the country. *Eh bien !* Come inside, and let us lunch together ; and I—er—I will open the budget, open the budget."

Dick begged to be excused.

"My dear boy, do not be absurd ! Or is it that your success has made you—er—made you proud ? *Honores mutant mores*, as we—er—we used to learn at school."

"Success !" echoed Dick, thinking ever of Margaret ; "I've not won any yet."

"Oh, come now, come ! *C'est un peu trop fort, par exemple !* But let us to lunch; and mine host, honest Jones ('we always call inferiors honest,' as Sheridan says), shall make us some of his special sauce. Did—er—did you never taste that sauce ?"

"Not that I know of," quoth Dick, absently.

"Not that he knows of ! And for this Gouffé may have toiled, and—er—and Carême grown grey ! My dear Richard, the thing is an inspiration, a poem, a—er—a joy for ever ! 'See Naples, and die !' say the Italians ; eat this, and die ! say I."

"Is it as bad as that ?" asked Dick, humorously.

"Bad ! You jest, dear boy. '*Avec cette sauce là on mangerait bien son père.*' Let us go in."

Dick was doomed. For a long, trying, profitless hour and a half he had to sit and

listen to the babbling of his shallow-souled kinsman, and, with a heart overflowing with the thought of Margaret Oglevie, was called on to acquiesce in the praise of sauce. Fate often is thus ironical in her dealings, forcing us into contact with the stings of swarming littleness, petty and persistent, in moments of noblest import—of high resolve, or higher renunciation. To Dick Eliot, in his existing mood, Mr. Draycott's tone of diluted Voltaireism and Rousseau-like sentimentality was well-nigh intolerable, utterly hateful and discordant; but, in an overcrowded state of society, one has to endure such presences, as, in the Ark, the daintier creatures were compelled to put up with a host of unclean animals of the swine sort.

According to his proposal, Mr. Draycott regaled his godson with the news of the neighbourhood. There was not much of it, and the only item which at all interested him

related to his old acquaintances, Ulric Muffle Drummond and his wife. The union of these two had ended disastrously. The lady, it seemed, had left her husband in company with his own manservant, a rascally French valet ; and Sir Ulric, riding off, half drunken, in pursuit of the runaways, was lucklessly thrown from his horse, and now lay at Hethercote Hall with what was stated to be *delirium tremens*.

“*Souvent femme varie,*” airily commented Sydney Draycott on this miserable story. “ But you are not going ? Surely not ? Another glass of claret ? A--er—a cigarette, then ? Foolish young man ! Your digestion will be ruined, positively ruined, by such haste. It’s—er—it’s really wicked ! ”

Dick, however, was to be detained no longer, and began to breathe the freelier as soon as he had escaped to the outer air. But yet another interruption was destined to be

his before he could meet with the one person his heart yearned to meet. Reaching The Coppice, he was espied from the library window by Mr. Oglevie, who straight gave orders to have him shown into that apartment. Ralph Oglevie's speech was other than Sydney Draycott's ; but as, among Euripidean actors, there doubtless was found an occasional Athenian so earnest for the progress of the play, that he resented the chorus (sympathetic though it ever showed itself) as an impertinence and a hindrance, so was our hero inclined to resent whatever oratory (irrespective of merit) might retard the immediate development of his designs.

" Well, my young Ulysses ! You've returned from your wanderings, then ? And how are all the good folk at home ? "

" I've not been home yet," explained Dick.
" I'm on my way now."

" Oh, you are ?" said Mr. Oglevie, drily,

bethinking him that The Leas lay without the opposite gates of the city.

"I understood it was Miss Oglevie's birthday, so I thought I should like to come and—and—and wish her well."

"Very good of you, I'm sure. Margaret is gone into the orchard, I believe, to gather a few apples. She'll be glad to see you, no doubt. By-the-by, I don't think we've met you since the night your play—comedy, you called it—was brought out."

"That was the last time," said Dick.

"H'm! I rather liked it," observed Mr. Oglevie. "It had what latter-day writing of the imaginative kind mainly lacks—*thought*. The absence of this is the root of all evil, the father of all folly; and, for my part, I hold with Maggie's friend, Mr. Ruskin, that it is less abominable to stone an apostle, thoughtfully and deliberately, than to torture an insect for want of thought. But I suppose

by this time you have forgotten your first play, and are thinking of another?"

Dick admitted that he had begun a new one.

"Ah!" quoth Mr. Oglevie, deeming Dick over-youthful for praise unqualified. "You young authors are like so many Frankensteins; no sooner have you brought one monster into the world than you seek to create a second. Had I my will, as soon as a writer had given birth to a book, a play, or poem, he should be carefully destroyed—or, at all events, imprisoned for life—lest he should go sin again, and a worse thing befall us."

Here the speaker took snuff with ogreish gusto, keenly observant, from under his shaggy brows, of his victim, the while. Presently, finding our hero satisfactorily silenced, he shifted the subject.

"What's the matter with your neighbour, Drummond? I hear he's ill in bed. The

loss of his wife is a happy release that seems to have been too much for him."

"I hardly know what is the matter with him," answered Dick; "but Mr. Draycott told me he'd got a doctor, so——"

"Got a doctor! I fancied he'd only got a fever. It's a complication of complaints, then? Thrown from his horse, was he not? I always predicted he would die of what De Quincey calls the disease of broken neck; but whether through falling from the saddle or the scaffold I was uncertain. Well, well! In the *otium cum dignitate* of death, he'll have time to think over things soberly. And that woman went off with his own servant, eh?"

"'Love is of the valet,'" said Richard Eliot, shamelessly.

He had no earthly business to quote Tennyson thus, and he knew it was in vile taste. But he also knew that Ralph Oglevie

had a Johnsonian impatience with a pun, and hence perpetrated his atrocity as (according to Ruskin) apostles should be stoned—“thoughtfully and deliberately”; relying on it, indeed, to obtain him the dismissal he was inwardly fretting for. Nor was he disappointed. For a second or two Mr. Oglevie focussed him in a gaze of sternest contempt, “with set brows lordlier than a frown,” as Dante regarded the witlings of Verona. Then he took up the volume of Swift he had laid aside when Dick first appeared, settling himself anew in his chair.

“ You’ll find Margaret outside somewhere.”

Dick met the hint half-way, and departed with alacrity. Of the impression he left behind him he was gloriously unheedful. Margaret! In that one word were bounded all his thoughts. He hastened through the

garden. Here were her flowers, but not herself.

“Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee,”

sang Dick to his heart ; but still he could not see her. Quickly he traversed her small kingdom of yellow chrysanthemums, and asters white and pink—lingering yet a little among them, because they were hers—and so came to the sun-sweetened orchard beyond. And here, at last, he found her.

She was standing beneath the largest of all the apple trees, holding down with one hand a richly laden bough that was just within her reach, while with the other she plucked the fruit and dropped it into the basket at her feet. Her attitude, with both arms thus lifted, was such as well may reveal the graces of a fair-fashioned woman ; and Margaret, in her white dress (from a child she had worn white on her birthday) was very fair and

pleasant for the eye to look upon. Above and all around her were the green leaves, through which the afternoon sunlight fell soft and warm on the deep grasses of the orchard, and on the mossy trunks of its sweet-smelling old fruit trees. The light touched her face and breast, and came and went, as the leaves moved, among the folds of her dress.

Dick had drawn within a few paces of her ere she heard his step, and turned toward him. Then she let go the branch she held, which flew back to its place, with foliage all a-quiver, and the shattered sungleam fluttered about her hair and filled her eyes with gladness.

“Oh!” she cried, holding out both her hands to him. “Is it really you? I am so pleased.”

She had been taken by surprise, and speech and action were alike involuntary, the

impulse of the moment. In another instant the swift colour came into her face, and she would fain have withdrawn one at least of her hands, but that Dick had got them both in his. Margaret looked down, her heart beating quickly. The thoughts of each were of the words that had reached them from Phœbe Langham.

Dick wanted to speak, but he felt that he hardly could trust his voice. Besides, he did not quite know how to begin.

"I'm so glad you are come," said Margaret, bravely, but with a slight tremor in her voice, and still not looking up at him. "It's quite a long time that you've been away. You must have so much to say—so much to tell!"

With this, she made a little movement to take back her hands; but either it was not strong enough, or he who held them was too strong.

"I *have* something to tell you, Margaret,"
said Dick.

Then she lifted her head, and their eyes
met; and lo! the need of telling anything
was gone by.

THE END.

APRIL, 1878.

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.



London:
SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.,
10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

* * * *Totally distinct from any other firm of Publishers.*

NOTICE.

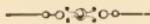
*Any books in this List will be sent post-free
on receipt of the published price, or may be
ordered through any Bookseller.*

* * * ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD
BE DISTINCTLY ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. SAMUEL TINSLEY
AND CO., 10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON,
W.C., AND WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

APRIL 10, 1878.

10, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.'S *NEW PUBLICATIONS.*



POPULAR NEW THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

HE LITTLE LOO: a Tale of the South Sea. By SYDNEY MOSTYN, author of "The Surgeon's Secret," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"Mr. Mostyn's story is full of thrilling interest from the first page to the last. It is capitally written, with an obviously intimate knowledge of the minutiae of the merchant service, and of seamen's habits and methods of life. Some of the descriptive passages—for instance, the account of the storm by which the vessel was assailed shortly before the mutiny—are full of vigour and realism. . . . Altogether, this story of the sea is one of the best books of its kind that has appeared of late years."—*Scotsman*.

THRO' THE SHADOW. 2 vols., 21s.

LOVE LOST, BUT HONOUR WON. By THEODORE RUSSELL MONRO, author of "The Vandeleurs of Red Tor." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"It is readable and fairly interesting."—*Standard*.

"The tale is told with a vigour and dash of style which are enjoyable: and the plot, improbable though it be, is developed with much skill."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Monro, in his latest novel, shows that his powers as a writer of fiction are of no mean order. The plot is well constructed, and evolved without any startling violation of the probabilities, whilst, although its nature is tolerably obvious from the beginning, the reader is kept in a sufficient amount of uncertainty as to how matters will end to prevent any loss of interest. Added to which there appears considerable talent for the delineation of character. . . . A story which raises the happiest auguries for Mr. Monro's future as a novelist, and which can hardly fail to obtain success."—*Morning Post*.

SALTHURST: a Novel. By MRS. ARTHUR LEWIS, author of "The Master of Riverswood." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"Exhibits, in respect of literary quality, dramatic power, and truth and vigour in the conception and creation of character, a distinct advance on her former work, 'The Master of Riverswood,' which was itself a powerful and well-written tale. . . . There is a freshness and a sense of living emotion pervading it all through. . . . Some of the minor personages, as well as the principal characters, are very happily drawn, with a kind of tender simplicity which gives realistic effects such as no amount of elaboration could attain."—*Scotsman*.

LAWRENCE LOFTEWALDE. By ARTHUR HAMILTON. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

Samuel Tinsley & Co, 10, Southampton St., Strand.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS. By MRS.

NEWMAN, author of "Too Late," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A very touching story."—*Standard*."The story is well told, and the characters of Mary, Philip, and Lilian are all such as to excite the interest of the reader."—*Scotsman*."Extremely interesting—the heroine writes to a high standard of unselfishness, yet somehow her self-denial never seems unnatural. All the characters are well drawn—none of them are hackneyed. The distinction between conventional and true vulgarity is skilfully illustrated. The book is throughout pure, refined, and amusing."—*Athenæum*."A good and interesting story, having vigorous, well-drawn characters, and being told in language at once simple and forcible."—*John Bull*."The whole story has a sort of idyllic flavour about it, which is quite charming."—*Sunday Times*.**COUSIN DEBORAH'S WHIM:** a Novel. By MARY

E. SHIPLEY, author of "Gabrielle Vaughan," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A good deal can be said in favour of 'Cousin Deborah's Whim.' The tone is fairly wholesome, the style good, and the fiction well thought out. . . . The authoress has devoted much thought to the delineation of her heroine's disposition. The attempt alone is sufficient to earn a good word from all who see in character-drawing the highest type of fiction; and Miss Shipley has done something more than attempt to succeed."—*Athenæum*."There is a great deal of thought and careful literary workmanship in 'Cousin Deborah's Whim.' . . . It is a patient, elaborate, and, on the whole, a truthful study of two very opposite types of character, and of the way in which each is affected by mutual contact and external circumstances. . . . The story is pleasantly written, and not only the two principal figures but many of the minor personages are depicted with much insight and realism."—*Scotsman*.**POPULAR NEW NOVELS, &c., each complete in One Volume.****T**HE REIGN OF ROSAS; or, South American Sketches. By E. C. FERNAU. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d."It is this tyranny which the author has undertaken to illustrate in her very pleasant and interesting book. . . . The lively portraiture of Argentine life and manners amply relieves the more gloomy sketches."—*Academy*."All are replete with graphic sketches of the country, its customs and society in 'camp' and city, which exhibit enviable powers of observation and description. . . . These charming South American sketches cannot fail to interest the general reader; while to those who are familiar with her scenes, and have seen her remarkable characters in the flesh, there is an associating link of irresistible attraction."—*Coming Events*."'Dolores' is the most tragic and impressive, yet at the same time unpretending, story we have read for a long time."—*Hornet*.**THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.** By LALLA

M'DOWELL, author of "How we Learned to Help Ourselves." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

REGENT ROSALIND: a Story. By the author of "Workaday Briars," &c. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"Regent Rosalind" shows much better than any discourse how a sensible and motherly girl can live again the shattered nest of her home."—Miss Yonge in *Womankind*.

"The story is a pleasant and readable one, containing some truthful pictures of life in a great English provincial town, and several thoughtful and finished studies of character. . . . The interest of the tale, though not entralling for readers who are accustomed to the highly spiced sensational fiction of the day, is steadily maintained to the close, and is always healthy and natural."—*Scotsman*.

"It is to be hoped that there exist even now a certain number of young persons whose taste is sufficiently unvitiated to permit them to read this simple story—written in unusually good English; and which deals with nothing out of the way of the homely life of thousands of English middle-class homes—with appreciation and interest. . . . The author of 'Regent Rosalind' has drawn a bright, honest, lovable, pleasant girl's portrait for us, and the accessories are all natural and well developed. . . . We have read 'Regent Rosalind' with a sense of restful pleasure."—*Spectator*.

A SUSSEX IDYL. By CLEMENTINA BLACK
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"A Sussex Idyl" is thoroughly deserving of its name—no mean praise, as it seems to us. For what is more difficult in these feverish modern times than to produce a true idyl—an idyl of to-day, not thrown back into the quiet centuries that lie behind us, but true and living, even as the lanes and meadows and bird-haunted copses are still true and living? . . . 'A Sussex Idyl' is such a charming story that we should indeed be ungrateful if we did not look forward with pleasure to more work from the same hand."—*Examiner*.

"There is a good deal to like in 'A Sussex Idyl.' It is in every way what its title implies, for the story has much freshness and grace, and its pictures have a distinct local colouring and a fidelity to nature, which may be appreciated even by those who have never spent a day in a Sussex hop-garden. . . . 'A Sussex Idyl' may be welcomed as highly promising."—*Athenæum*.

IN TROPIC SEAS: a Tale of the Spanish Main.
By W. WESTALL, author of "Tales and Legends of Saxony and Lusatia." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

IN THE SPRING OF MY LIFE: a Love Story.
By the Princess OLGA CANTACUZÈNE. (From the French.)
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

MILES: a Town Story. By the author of "Fan."
Crown 8vo., 5s.

SIR AUBYN'S HOUSEHOLD. By SIGMA.
Author of "Fan." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TEN TIMES PAID: a Story. By BRUTON BLOSSE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SOPHIA: a Novel. By JANE ASHTON. Crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

LOVED AND UNLOVED: a Story. By HARRIET DAVIS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

IN THE PRESS.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR. Written by HIMSELF. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

GEORGE HERN: a Novel. By HENRY GLEMHAM. 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

FRANK ALLERTON: an Autobiography. By AUGUSTUS MONGREDIEN. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

ELIOT THE YOUNGER: a Fiction in Freehand. By BERNARD BARKER. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

LADY'S HOLM. By ANNIE L. WALKER, author of "Against Her Will," "A Canadian Heroine," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

THE FAIR MAID OF TAUNTON: a Tale of the Siege. By ELIZABETH M. ALFORD. Crown 8vo., 6s.

UNTO WHICH SHE WAS NOT BORN. By ELLEN GADESDEN. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"A trouble weighed upon her and perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour unto which she was not born."

TENNYSON.

RIVERSDALE COURT. By MRS. FORREST GRANT, author of "Fair, but not Wise, &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL. By M. F. BRAGGE. In Wrapper, price 1s.

CHRISTIERN THE WICKED: an Historical Tale. By H. S. TAGSON. (The Author's Translation.) Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

THE GREGORS: a Cornish Story. By JANE H. SPETTIGUE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SAMUEL TINSLEY & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE POPULAR NOVELS, AT ALL LIBRARIES IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AGAINST HER WILL. By ANNIE L. WALKER,
Author of "A Canadian Heroine." 3 vols.,
3*ls.* 6*d.*

The **Spectator** says :—" 'Against her Will' is a clever, wholesome novel, which we can recommend without reservation."

The **Standard** says :—" 'Against her Will' is a very powerful novel, and one which we can on every account recommend to our readers."

The **Graphic** says :—" The book is full of good and careful work from end to end, and very much above the average level of merit."

The **Scotsman** says :—" 'Against her Will' is a novel of sterling merit."

ALDEN OF ALDENHOLME. By GEORGE SMITH. 3 vols., 3*ls.* 6*d.*

ALICE GODOLPHIN and A LITTLE HEIRESS.
By MARY NEVILLE. In 2 vols., 2*ls.*

ALL ROUND THE WORLD; or, What's the Object? By FRANK FOSTER, author of "Number One; or, The Way of the World," etc., etc. 3 vols., 3*ls.* 6*d.*

AS THE SHADOWS FALL: a Novel. By J. EDWARD MUDDOCK, author of "A Wingless Angel," etc. 3 vols., 3*ls.* 6*d.*

ANNALS of the TWENTY-NINTH CENTURY:
or, the Autobiography of the Tenth President of the World-Republic. 3 vols., 3*ls.* 6*d.*

" Here is a work in certain respects one of the most singular in modern literature, which surpasses all of its class in bold and luxuriant imagination, in vivid descriptive power, in startling—not to say extravagant suggestions

Samuel Tinsley & Co., 10, Southampton St., Strand.

—in lofty and delicate moral sympathies. . . . We have read his work with almost equal feelings of pleasure, wonderment, and amusement, and this, we think, will be the feelings of most of its readers. On the whole, it is a book of remarkable novelty, and unquestionable genius.”—*Nonconformist*.

ARE YOU MY WIFE? By GRACE RAMSAY, author of “Iza’s Story,” “A Woman’s Trials,” etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

BARBARA’S WARNING. By the author of “Recommended to Mercy.” 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

BARONET’S CROSS, THE. By MARY MEEKE, author of “Marion’s Path through Shadow to Sunshine.” 2 vols., 21s.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES. By ROBERT J. GRIFFITHS, LL.D. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

BITTER to SWEET END. By E. HOSKEN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

“A pleasant taking story, full of interest, and entirely unobjectionable.”—*Literary Churchman*.

“There is a genuine tone of humour about much of the conversation, and a natural bearing about the heroine which give very pleasant reading, and a good deal of interest and amusement to the book. . . . On the whole we cannot but praise ‘Bitter to Sweet End.’”—*Public Opinion*.

BLUEBELL. By Mrs. G. C. HUDDLESTON. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

“Sparkling, well-written, spirited, and may be read with certainty of amusement.”—*Sunday Times*.

BRANDON TOWER. A Story. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
“Familiar matter of to-day.”

GHASTE AS ICE, PURE AS SNOW. By Mrs. M. C. DESPARD. 3 vols., 31s. 6d. Second Edition.

“A novel of something more than ordinary promise.”—*Graphic*.

CLAUDE HAMBRO. By JOHN C. WESTWOOD. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

COUSIN DEBORAH’S WHIM. A Novel; By MARY E. SHIPLEY, author of “Gabrielle Vaughan,” etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

CRUEL CONSTANCY. By KATHARINE KING, author of “The Queen of the Regiment.” 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

DAYS OF HIS VANITY, THE. By SYDNEY GRUNDY. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

DESPERATE CHARACTER, A : A Tale of the Gold Fever. By W. THOMSON-GREGG. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A novel which cannot fail to interest."—*Daily News*.

D'EYNOURTS OF FAIRLEIGH, THE. By THOMAS ROWLAND SKEMP. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

DONE IN THE DARK. By the author of "Recommended to Mercy." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

DR. MIDDLETON'S DAUGHTER. By the author of "A Desperate Character." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

DULCIE. By LOIS LUDLOW. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

ELIOT THE YOUNGER : a Fiction in Free-hand. By BERNARD BARKER. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

FAIR, BUT NOT FALSE. By EVELYN CAMPBELL. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

FAIR, BUT NOT WISE. By MRS. FORREST-GRANT. 2 vols., 21s.

FAIR IN THE FEARLESS OLD FASHION. By CHARLES FARMLET. 2 vols., 21s.

FIRST AND LAST. By F. VERNON-WHITE. 2 vols., 21s.

FOLLATON PRIORY. 2 vols., 21s.

FRANK ALLERTON : an Autobiography. By AUGUSTUS MONGREDIEN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

FRANK AMOR. By JA JABEE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GAUNT ABBEY. By ELIZABETH J. LYSAGHT, author of "Building upon Sand," "Nearer and Dearer," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GEORGE HERN : a Novel. By HENRY GLEMHAM. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GERALD BOYNE. By T. W. EAMES. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GILMORY. By PHŒBE ALLEN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GOLD DUST. A Story. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GOLDEN MEMOIRS. By EFFIE LEIGH. 2 vols., 21s.
 GRANTHAM SECRETS. By PHŒBE M. FEILDEN.
 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GRAYWORTH: a Story of Country Life. By CAREY HAZELWOOD. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

GREED'S LABOUR LOST. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

HEIR OF REDDESMONT, THE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

HER GOOD NAME. By J. FORTREY BOUVERIE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

HER IDOL. By MAXWELL HOOD. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
 HILDA AND I. By MRS. HARTLEY. 2 vols., 21s.

"An interesting, well-written, and natural story."—*Public Opinion*.

HILLESDEN ON THE MOORS. By ROSA MAC-KENZIE KETTLE, Author of the Mistress of Langdale Hall." 2 vols., 21s.

HIS LITTLE COUSIN. By EMMA MARIA PEARSON, Author of "One Love in a Life." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

HIS SECOND WIFE. By MRS. EILOART, Author of "Meg," "Just'a Woman." "Woman's Wrong," etc. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

HOUSE OF CLARISFORD, THE: a Novel. By FREDERICK WOODMAN. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

BIN BONDS, BUT FETTERLESS: a Tale of Old Ulster. By RICHARD CUNNINGHAME. 2 vols., 21s.

IN SECRET PLACES. By ROBERT J. GRIFFITHS, LL.D. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

IN SPITE OF FORTUNE. By MAURICE GAY. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

IN TROPIC SEAS: a Tale of the Spanish Main. By W. WESTALL. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

IS IT FOR EVER? By KATE MAINWARING. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

Samuel Tinsley & Co., 10, Southampton St., Strand.

JABEZ EBSLEIGH, M.P. By Mrs. EILOART, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Meg," "Kate Randal's Bargain," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

JESSIE OF BOULOGNE. By the Rev. C. GILLMOR, M.A. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

KATE BYRNE. By S. HOWARD TAYLOR. 2 vols., 21s.

KATE RANDAL'S BARGAIN. By Mrs. EILOART, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Some of Our Girls," "Meg," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

KITTY'S RIVAL. By SYDNEY MOSTYN, Author of "The Surgeon's Secret," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LADY LOUISE. By KATHLEEN ISABELLE CLARGES. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LADY'S HOLM. By ANNIE L. WALKER, author of "Against Her Will," "A Canadian Heroine," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

LASCARE: a Tale. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LAST OF THE HADDONS, THE. By Mrs. NEWMAN, Author of "Too Late," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LAWRENCE LOFTEWALDE. By ARTHUR HAMILTON. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LIfe OUT OF DEATH: a Romance. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LITTLE LOO, THE: a Story of the South Sea. By SIDNEY MOSTYN. Author of "Kitty's Rival," "The Surgeon's Secret," &c. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

LLANTHONY COCKLEWIG: an Autobiographical Sketch of His Life and Adventures. By the Rev. STEPHEN SHEPHERD MAGUTH, LL.B., Cantab. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LORD CASTLETON'S WARD. By Mrs. B. R. GREEN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LOVE LOST, BUT HONOUR WON. By THEODORE RUSSELL MONRO, Author of "The Vandeleurs of Red Tor," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

LOVE THAT LIVED, THE. By MRS. EILOART, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Just a Woman," "Woman's Wrong," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"Three volumes which most people will prefer not to leave till they have read the last page of the third volume."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"One of the most thoroughly wholesome novels we have read for some time."—*Scotsman*.

MADAME. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "St. Simon's Niece," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

MAGIC OF LOVE, THE. By MRS. FORREST-GRANT, Author of "Fair, but not Wise." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A very amusing novel."—*Scotsman*.

MAID ELLICE. By THEO. GIFT. Author of "Pretty Miss Bellew," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

MAR'S WHITE WITCH. By GERTRUDE DOUGLAS, Author of "Brown as a Berry," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A thoroughly good novel, which we can cordially recommend to our readers. . . We should not have grudged a little extra length to the story; . . . for 'Mar's White Witch' is one of those rare novels in which it is a cause of regret, rather than of satisfaction, to arrive at the end of the third volume."—*John Bull*.

MASTER OF RIVERSWOOD, THE. By MRS. ARTHUR LEWIS. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

MART AND MANSION: A Tale of Struggle and REST. By PHILIP MASSINGER. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

MARY GRAINGER: A Story. By GEORGE LEIGH. 2 vols., 21s.

MR. VAUGHAN'S HEIR. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Miss Dorothy's Charge," etc., 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

NAME'S WORTH, A. By MRS. M. ALLEN. 2 vols., 21s.

NEARER AND DEARER. By ELIZABETH J. LYSAGHT, Author of "Building upon Sand." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

NO FATHERLAND. By MADAME VON OPPEN. 2 vols., 21s.

CONLY SEA AND SKY. By ELIZABETH HINDLEY. 2 vols., 21s.

OVER THE FURZE. By ROSA M. KETTLE,
Author of the "Mistress of Langdale Hall," etc. 3
vols., 31s. 6d.

PENELOPE'S WEB: a Story. By LOUIS
WITHRED. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

PERCY LOCKHART. By F. W. BAXTER. 2
vols., 21s.

RECTOR OF OXBURY, THE: a Novel. 3
vols., 31s. 6d.

"This is a very good novel, written throughout in a generous catholic spirit . . . The book is full of kindly humour, and we heartily recommend it to our readers."—*Standard*.

"No doubt the real hero of this history is not the Rector, but the Dissenting minister, whose sufferings at the hand of his congregation are so graphically depicted. . . . The change which comes over poor Philip Holland's feelings. . . . is drawn with considerable power and dramatic skill."—*John Bull*.

"The Author has evidently a most intimate acquaintance with the Dissenting body, and a thorough knowledge of all their quirks and oddities. . . . The three church clergymen—the vicar of St. Jude's, Mr. Maxworth and Mr. Deane—are all good sketches."—*Morning Post*.

"The constraints. . . . of Nonconformity are described with point and cleverness."—*World*.

"There is much matter in it that will prove interesting to many who care to look into the realities of daily life, its pains and trials. . . . Mr. Baynard presents us with a vivid picture."—*The Queen*.

"An interesting novel, and the spirit in which it is written is very praiseworthy."—*Scotsman*.

"These volumes are very readable, and there is much in them both to amuse and instruct."—*National Church*.

"We do not believe that Mr. Baynard writes in an unkindly spirit."—*Literary World*.

"This book is readable, and the author's style is good. It has considerable interest as a testimony against Dissent in its social aspects; and a revelation of the interior life of certain sects, whose ministers are their servants in a servile and irritating sense, unsuspected by the world outside these communities."—*Spectator*.

"The picture we have in these volumes. . . . will come upon most readers altogether as a startling revelation of certain aspects of Voluntaryism."—*Graphic*.

RAVENDALE. By ROBERT THYNNE, author of
"Tom Delany." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

RIDING OUT THE GALE. By ANNETTE LYSTER.
3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"The tale is full of stirring incident, and one or two of the character creations—notably Singleton's sister Hadee—are finely conceived and artistically developed."—*Scotsman*.

RING OF PEARLS, THE; or, His at Last. By JERROLD QUICK. 2 vols., 21s.

RIVERSDALE COURT. By MRS. FORREST GRANT, author of "Fair, but not Wise," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

RUPERT REDMOND. A Tale of England, Ireland, and America. By WALTER SIMS SOUTHWELL. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SAINT SIMON'S NIECE. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, author of "Miss Dorothy's Charge." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

From the *Spectator*, July 24th:—"A new and powerful novelist has arisen. . . . We rejoice to recognize a new novelist of real genius, who knows and depicts powerfully some of the most striking and overwhelming passions of the human heart. . . . It is seldom that we rise from the perusal of a story with the sense of excitement which Mr. Benedict has produced."

SALTHURST: a Novel. By Mrs. ARTHUR LEWIS, author of "The Master of Riverswood." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SEARCH FOR A HEART, THE: a Novel. By JOHN ALEXANDER. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SECRET OF TWO HOUSES, THE. By FANNY FISHER. 2 vols., 21s.

SEDGEBOROUGH WORLD, THE. By A. FAREBROTHER. 2 vols., 21s.

SELF-UNITED. By Mrs. HICKES BRYANT. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SHADOW OF ERKSDALE, THE. By BOURTON MARSHALL. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SHE REIGNS ALONE: a Novel. By BEATRICE YORKE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SHINGLEBOROUGH SOCIETY. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

SIEGE OF VIENNA, THE: a Novel. By CAROLINE PICHLER. (From the German.) 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SIR MARMADUKE LORTON. By the Hon. A. S. G. CANNING. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

SOME OF OUR GIRLS. By Mrs. EILOART, author of "The Curate's Discipline," "The Love that Lived," "Meg," etc., etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A book that should be read."—*Athenaeum*.

SONS OF DIVES. 2 vols., 21s.

SQUIRE HARRINGTON'S SECRET. By
GEORGE W. GARRETT. 2 vols., 21s.

STRANDED, BUT NOT LOST. By DOROTHY
BROMYARD. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

FATIANA; or, the Conspiracy. A Tale of St.
Petersburg. By Prince JOSEPH LUBOMIRSKI.
3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"The Story is painfully interesting."—*Standard*.

THORNTONS OF THORNBURY, THE. By
Mrs. HENRY LOWTHER CHERMSIDE. 3 vols.,
31s. 6d.

THRO' THE SHADOW. 2 vols., 21s.

TIMOTHY CRIPPLE; or, "Life's a Feast." By
THOMAS AURIOL ROBINSON. 2 vols., 21s.

TOO FAIR TO GO FREE. By HENRY KAY WIL-
LOUGHBY. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

TOO LIGHTLY BROKEN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A very pleasing story very prettily told."—*Morning Post*.

TOM DELANY. By ROBERT THYNNE, author of
"Ravensdale." 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"A very bright, healthy, simply-told story."—*Standard*.

"There is not a dull page in the book."—*Scotsman*.

TOWER HALLOWDEANE. 2 vols., 21s.

TOXIE: a Tale. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

TRUST, THE; an Autobiography. By JEAN LE
PEUR. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

To write a purely domestic tale which is so far from dull is a considerable achievement Each of the characters has a strongly-marked nature of his or her own Becky Wilson is a fine portrait which must clearly be from life. But the book should be read."—*Athenaeum*.

TRUE WOMEN. By KATHARINE STUART. 3 vols.,
31s. 6d.

"This novel is strong where so many are weak. . . . We know of no book in which the act of courtship is made so pretty and poetical, or in which the tenderest sentiment is so absolutely free from mawkishness."—*Standard*.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP. By MARY LOVETT-CAMERON. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

'TWIXT HAMMER AND ANVIL. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, author of "St. Simon's Niece," "Miss Dorothy's Charge," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

'TWIXT WIFE AND FATHERLAND. 2 vols., 21s.

"It is some one who has caught her (Baroness Tautphoeus') gift of telling a charming story in the boldest manner, and of forcing us to take an interest in her characters, which writers, far better from a literary point of view, can never approach."—*Athenæum*.

TWO STRIDES OF DESTINY. By S. BROOKES BUCKLEE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

UNDER PRESSURE. By T. E. PEMBERTON, 2 vols., 21s.

VERY OLD QUESTION, A: a Novel. By T. EDGAR PEMBERTON, Author of "Under Pressure," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

"For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love."—*Hamlet*.

WAGES: a Story. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

WANDERING FIRES. By Mrs. M. C. DESPARD, author of "Chaste as Ice," &c. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

WEIMAR'S TRUST. By Mrs. EDWARD CHRISTIAN. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

WHAT OLD FATHER THAMES SAID. By COUTTS NELSON. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

WIDOW UNMASKED, THE; or, the Firebrand in the Family. By FLORA F. WYLDE. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

WILL SHE BEAR IT? A Tale of the Weald. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.

This is a clever story, easily and naturally told, and the reader's interest sustained throughout. . . . A pleasant, readable book, such as we can heartily recommend."—*Spectator*.

WOMAN TO BE WON, A. An Anglo-Indian Sketch. By ATHENE BRAMA. 2 vols, 21s.

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

—TITUS ANDRONICUS, Act ii., Sc. 1.

"A welcome addition to the literature connected with the most picturesque of our dependencies."—*Athenæum*.

"As a tale of adventure "A Woman to be Won" is entitled to decided commendation."—*Graphic*.

"A more familiar sketch of station life in India . . . has never been written. . . ."—*Nonconformist*.

POPULAR NEW NOVELS, &c..

EACH COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

ADAM AND EVE'S COURSHIP; or how to Write a Novel. By JAY WYE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

ADVENTURES OF MICK CALLIGHIN, M.P., THE. A Story of Home Rule; THE DE BURGHOS, a Romance. By W. R. ANCKETILL. In one Volume, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

AS THE FATES WOULD HAVE IT. By G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

BORN TO BE A LADY. By KATHERINE HENDERSON. Crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS: a Novel. By MARIE J. HYDE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

BRIDE OF ROERVIG, THE. By W. BERGSOE. Translated from the Danish by NINA FRANCIS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"A charmingly fresh and simple tale, which was well worth translating, and has been translated well."—*Athenæum*.

"There is a strong human interest throughout the story, and it abounds with little snatches of description, which are full of poetic grace and charm. . . . The translator has been most successful in preserving the spirit and genuine Norse flavour of the original."—*Scotsman*.

BRITISH SUBALTERN, THE. By an EX-SUBALTERN. One vol., 7s. 6d.

BURIED PAST, THE: a Novel. Crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

"In the short space at our command it is impossible to do this volume justice. It is a pleasant change from the highly-coloured sensationalism of the present day, and we can faithfully pronounce it the best novel we have read for some time."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

BUILDING UPON SAND. By ELIZABETH J.
LYSAGHT. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

BROAD OUTLINES OF LONG YEARS IN
AUSTRALIA. By Mrs. HENRY JONES, of Binnum Binnum.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"Gives a very pleasant picture of life in the Australian bush. . . . We recommend the volume to intending emigrants, not only as containing plenty of practical advice, but as likely to give them cheerful anticipations of the life before them, when its first inevitable roughness is over."—*John Bull*.

GHRISTIERN THE WICKED : an Historical
Tale. By H. S. TAGSON. (The Author's Translation.)
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

CINDERELLA : a new version of an old Story.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

CLARA PONSONBY : a Novel. By ROBERT BEV-
ERIDGE. 1 vol. crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

CLEWBEND, THE. By MOY ELLA. Crown 8vo.,
7s. 6d.

COOMB DESERT. By G. W. FITZ. Crown 8vo.,
7s. 6d.

CORALIA ; a Plaint of Futurity. By the Author of
"Pyrna." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

DAISY AND THE EARL. By CONSTANCE
HOWELL. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"A cleverly and thoughtfully-written book, in which a subject comparatively new is handled with much knowledge of human nature, and with real grace of manner, is 'Daisy and the Earl.' . . . A very enjoyable volume."—*Scotsman*.

DISCORD, A : a Story. By ALETH WILLESON.
1 vol., crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"Something more than ordinary praise is due to a story which has a leading idea of its own, and works it out steadily, yet without wearying the reader with excessive iteration or exaggeration. . . . 'A Discord' reminds us of some of Miss Sewell's best works. We should almost be disposed to give it the preference, on the ground that the human interest is broader. Sometimes we see traces of another and well-known influence. Mr. Price is a person not unworthy of the gallery of portraits which George Eliot has given to us."—*Spectator*.

DISINTERRED. From the Boke of a Monk of
Carden Abbey. By T. ESMONDE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

EARL OF EFFINGHAM, THE. By LALLA
M'DOWELL, Author of "How we learned to Help
Ourselves." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Samuel Tinsley & Co., 10, Southampton St., Strand.

EMERGING FROM THE CHRYSALIS. By J.
F. NICHOLLS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

HAIR MAID OF TAUNTON, THE : a Tale of
the Siege. By ELIZABETH M. ALFORD. Crown 8vo., 6s.
FERNVALE: Some Pages of Elsie's Life. By
HARRY BUCHANAN. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

FLORENCE ; or Loyal Quand Même. By FRANCES
ARMSTRONG. Crown 8vo., 5s., cloth. Post free.
"A very charming love story, eminently pure and lady-like in tone."—*Civil Service Review*.

FOR TWO YEARS. By VECTIS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.
FRIEDEMANN BACH ; or, the Fortunes of an
Idealist. Adapted from the German of A. E. BRACHVOGEL.
By the Rev. J. WALKER, B.C.L. Dedicated, with permission,
to H.R.H. the PRINCESS CHRISTIAN of SCHLESWIG-HOL-
STEIN. 1 vol., crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

FROM A BED OF ROSES. By CUTHBERT HOPE.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

GREGORS, THE : a Cornish Story. By JANE
H. SPETTIGUE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

HARRINGTON ; or, the Exiled Royalist : a tale
of the Hague. By FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD.
Crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

BNSIDIous THIEF, THE : a Tale for Humble
Folks. By One of Themselves. Crown 8vo., 5s.
Second Edition.

IN TROPIC SEAS : a Tale of the Spanish Main.
By W. WESTALL. Author of "Tales and Legends of Saxony
and Lusatia." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

IN THE SPRING OF MY LIFE : a Love Story.
By the Princess OLGA CANTACUZÈNE. Translated from the
French by Madame KLAUS, with the author's approval.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

INTRICATE PATHS. By C. L. J. S. Crown
8vo., 7s. 6d.

JOHN FENN'S WIFE. By MARIA LEWIS.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

LADY BLANCHE, THE. By HAROLD ST.
CLAIR. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

LALAGE. By AUGUSTA CHAMBERS. Crown 8vo,
7s. 6d.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO. By
ELIZA MARY BARRON, Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LITTLE ALPINE FOX-DOG, THE: a Love
Story. By CECIL CLARKE. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LILIAN. By G. BERESFORD FITZ GERALD, author
of "As the Fates Would Have It." Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTU-
NATE AUTHOR, THE. Written by Himself. Crown 8vo.
7s. 6d.

LOVED AND UNLOVED : a Story. By HARRIET
DAVIS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

LOVE THE LEVELLER: a Tale. Crown 8vo,
7s. 6d.

MARGARET MORTIMER'S SECOND HUS-
BAND. By Mrs. HILLS. 1 vol., 7s. 6d.

MARJORY'S FAITH. By FLORENCE HARDING.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MARRIED FOR MONEY. 1 vol., 10s. 6d.

MARTIN LAWS: a Story. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

MAUD LEATHWAITE: an Autobiography. By
BEATRICE A. JOURDAN, author of "The Journal of a Waiting
Gentlewoman." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

MERRY AND GRAVE. BY PETER ATHELBY.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MILES : a Town Story. By SIGMA. Author of
"Fan." Crown 8vo., 5s.

MISTRESS OF LANGDALE HALL, THE: a
Romance of the West Riding. By ROSA MACKENZIE
KETTLE. Complete in one handsome volume, with Frontis-
piece and Vignette by PERCIVAL SKELTON. 4s., post free.

"The story is interesting and very pleasantly written, and for the sake of
both author and publisher, we cordially wish it the reception it deserves."
—*Saturday Review*.

MUSICAL TALES, PHANTASMS, AND SKETCHES. From the German of ELISE POLKO. By M. PRIME MAUDSLAY. Dedicated (with permission) to Sir Julius Benedict. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Also Second Series of the above, uniform in size and price.

NEGLECTED; a Story of Nursery Education Forty Years Ago. By Miss JULIA LUARD. Crown 8vo., 5s., cloth.

NEW-FASHIONED TORY, A. By "WEST SOMERSET." 1 vol., crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

NORTONDALE CASTLE. 1 vol., 7s. 6d.

NOT TO BE BROKEN. By W. A. CHANDLER. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

ONE FOR ANOTHER. By EMMA C. WAIT. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

RUTTYPUT'S PROTEGEE; or Road, Rail, and River. A Story in Three Books. By HENRY GEORGE CHURCHILL. Crown 8vo., (uniform with "The Mistress of Langdale Hall"), with 14 illustrations by WALLIS MACKAY. Post free, 4s. Second edition.

"It is a lengthened and diversified farce, full of screaming fun and comic delineation—a reflection of Dickens, Mrs. Malaprop, and Mr. Boucicault, and dealing with various descriptions of social life. We have read and laughed, pooh-poohed, and read again, ashamed of our interest, but our interest has been too strong for our shame. Readers may do worse than surrender themselves to its melo-dramatic enjoyment. From title-page to colophon, only Dominie Sampson's epithet can describe it—it is 'prodigious.'"*—British Quarterly Review.*

REAL AND UNREAL: Tales of Both Kinds. By HARRIET OLIVIA BODDINGTON. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

REIGN OF ROSAS, THE, or South American Sketches. By E. C. FERNAU. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

REGENT ROSALIND: a Story. By the author of "Workaday Briars," &c. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

RENRUTH. By HENRY TURNER. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

ROSIE AND HUGH; or, Lost and Found. By HELEN C. NASH. 1 vol., crown 8vo., 6s.

SACRIFICE TO HONOUR, A. By Mrs. HENRY LYTTELTON ROGERS. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

ST. NICHOLAS' EVE, and other Tales. By MARY C. ROWSELL. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SIBYLLÉ'S STORY. By OCTAVE FEUILLET. Translated by MARGARET WATSON. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SIR AUBYN'S HOUSEHOLD. By SIGMA. Author of "Fan." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SKYWARD AND EARTHWARD: a Tale. By ARTHUR PENRICE. 1 vol. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SOPHIA: a Novel. By JANE ASHTON. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SO SINKS THE DAY STAR: The Story of Two Lovings and a Liking. By JAMES KEITH. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SPOILT LIVES. By Mrs. RAPER. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

STANLEY MEREDITH: a Tale by "SABINA." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

STAR OF HOPE, THE, and other Tales. By VICTORIA STEWART. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

STILL UNSURE. By C. VANE, Author of "Sweet Bells Jangled." Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SWEET IDOLATRY. By Miss ANSTRUTHER. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SURGEON'S SECRET, THE. By SYDNEY MOSTYN, Author of "Kitty's Rival," etc. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.
"A most exciting novel—the best on our list. It may be fairly recommended as a very extraordinary book."—*John Bull*.

SUSSEX IDYL, A. By CLEMENTINA BLACK. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

THROUGH HARDSHIPS TO LORDSHIPS. By FLORA EATON. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TEN TIMES PAID: a Story of the South. By BRUTON BLOSSE. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TIM'S CHARGE. By AMY CAMPBELL. 1 vol., Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TOUCH NOT THE NETTLE: a Story. By ALEC FEARON. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TRUE STORY OF HUGH NOBLE'S FLIGHT, THE. By the Authoress of "What Her Face Said." 10s. 6d.

BINTO WHICH SHE WAS NOT BORN.
By ELLEN GADESDEN. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"A trouble weighed upon her and perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour unto which she was not born."
TENNYSON.

VAGABOND CHARLIE. By "VAGABOND."
1 vol. crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

VANDELEURS OF RED TOR, The. A Tale of
South Devon. By THEODORE RUSSELL MONRO. Crown 8vo.,
7s. 6d.

VANESSA FAIRE. By GEORGE JOSEPH. Crown
8vo., 7s. 6d.

WEBS OF LOVE. (I. A Lawyer's Device. II.
Sancta Simplicitas.) By G. E. H. 1 vol., Crown 8vo.,
10s. 6d.

WHO CAN TELL? By MERE HAZARD. Crown
8vo., 7s. 6d.

WIDOW OF WINDSOR, A. By ANNIE GASKELL.
Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

WOMAN THAT SHALL BE PRAISED, THE:
a Novel. By HILDA REAY. 1 vol., Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

"Decidedly well written, attractive, and readable. . . . The characters stand out as if they had been pondered over and worked at; the circumstances are fresh and natural; the style is pure, and the thoughts refined."—*Athenaeum*.

"Besides the heroine there is another 'woman that shall be praised,' viz., the authoress. Praised for writing in English, for some passages of poetry, for some even of slang, for her boldness and tenderness of expression, and, above all, for writing a religious novel without shocking us with pious utterances."—*Public Opinion*.

WOMAN'S AMBITION. By M. L. LYONS. 1 vol.,
7s. 6d.

YE OUTSIDE FOOLS; or, Glimpses Inside
the Stock Exchange. By ERASMIUS PINTO, Broker.
Crown 8vo., 5s.

"Written in a clever, cynical, and incisive style, and thoroughly exposes the 'rigs' and tricks of the Stock Exchange. One advantage of a perusal will be that those who allow themselves to be plundered will do so quite consciously. The volume as a whole is extremely interesting."—*Public Opinion*.

YE VAMPYRES! A Legend of the National
Betting Ring, showing what became of it. By the SPECTRE.
In striking Illustrated Cover, price 2s., post free.

YOUTH OF THE PERIOD, THE. By J. F. SHAW
KENNEDY, Esq., late 79th Highlanders. Crowr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL &c.

WO YEARS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By A. GALLENGA (of the *Times*), author of "Italy Revisited," "Country Life in Piedmont," "The Invasion of Denmark," etc. 2 vols., 8vo., price 30s.

The **Times** says:—"A more thorough exposure of the rottenness of the Turkish System was never penned; and Mr. Freeman and Mr. Gladstone must rejoice when they peruse page after page which, to use a familiar expression, does not leave on the Turks 'the face of a dog.' But Mr. Gallenga did not visit Constantinople to quarrel, but to observe the various phases of the Eastern Question as it passed from diplomatic remonstrances to provincial outbreaks, to Bulgarian atrocities, to the Servian war, to the Armistice, to the Conference, to renewed Protocols, and at last to this war between Russia and Turkey. . . . Extraordinary opportunities fell into Mr. Gallenga's way, and in these very interesting volumes he has availed himself of them to the full."

The **Observer** says:—"The great merit of these two interesting volumes is that they present the grave considered judgment of an intelligent, thoughtful observer on the internal condition of Turkey. . . For anyone who would really know the social forces now at work within the Turkish Empire, and who would aspire to make any intelligent forecast as to its future fate, these volumes are invaluable guides. . . . The book is at once fascinating and amusing, and in many ways the best recent contribution to the literature of the Eastern Question."

The **Saturday Review** says:—"Mr. Gallenga's reminiscences of the East are both agreeable and instructive. Notwithstanding his long practice as an English writer, it is surprising that a foreigner should have acquired the command of style and literary skill which are displayed in his present work as in many former publications."

The **Graphic** says:—"Mr. Gallenga's letters are most interesting in every way—bright with the genuine freshness of a correspondent who finds himself on (to him) new ground, and enjoys as much as any of his readers a moonlight ride round Stamboul, a visit to the fields of Troy, a sight of the Sultan opening his Parliament; valuable for descriptions, by a trained observer, of scenes and Institutions which fell beneath his eye, and speculations, by a well informed politician, on the scruples and suspicions which have ended in keeping Europe impotent while Russia and Turkey are closing hand to hand. . . . Two volumes, altogether, which bid fair to acquire permanent value as graphic records taken on the spot of some of the most dramatic incidents in history."

The **Academy** says:—"Mr. Gallenga has given a detailed account of the circumstances which led to the present war, beginning from the commencement of the insurrection in the Herzegovina. As he resided in Constantinople during the whole of this period, and had special facilities for obtaining information as the correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, his narrative is of great value. He went there with an unprejudiced mind, having, in fact, given but little attention to the subject until that time. . . Mr. Gallenga also initiates us into most of the questions relating to Turkey, on which the reader desires an unbiased opinion—the good and bad of the character of the Turks themselves, their finances, their reforms, their relation to the subject races, and the principal influences that are at work among them. . . But the interest of his narrative culminates in that group of events which are exciting enough for any work of fiction."

ITALY REVISITED. By A. GALLENGA. Author of "Italy, Past and Present," "Country Life in Piedmont," etc. 2 vols., demy 8vo., 30s. Second Edition.

Times, Nov. 11, 1875.—"Mr. Gallenga's new volumes on Italy will be welcome to those who care for an unprejudiced account of the prospects and present condition of the country. . . . In noticing Mr. Gallenga's most interesting volumes, we have been obliged to confine ourselves chiefly to topics of grave and national importance, and we wish we could also have done justice to his impressions of the Italy he revisited as seen in its lighter and social aspects."

Spectator, Nov. 20, 1875.—"The two volumes abound in interesting matter, with vivid sketches of places and persons,—Florence for instance,—Garibaldi and Mazzini. The personal reminiscences, too, of the author's bloodless campaign with Prince Napoleon in 1859 are notably interesting."

Observer, Nov. 7, 1875.—"Facile princeps in the ranks of those who have laboured, through the influential channel of journalism, to arouse the sympathies of the world for the kingdom of Italy, and to enable it to judge of Italy's condition and Italy's prospects, has been, and still is, Mr. Gallenga. It would be wonderful if any one could pretend to be his rival."

Athenæum, Nov. 20, 1875.—"Mr. Gallenga's two volumes are as distinctly superior to the usual newspaper correspondent's platitudes, as they are free from the egotistical garrulities with which tourists, and especially tourists in Italy, have made us familiar."

Daily News, Dec. 3, 1875.—"Is beyond comparison the most readable, and at the same time, the most trustworthy account of the actual condition and prospects of a nation and kingdom which but yesterday were a dream of visionaries, and to-day are among the most potent and practical realities of the modern world. . . . The lightest or the most serious reader may find plenty of attractive matter in these varied and suggestive pages, from the liveliest stories to the weightiest economic considerations and statistics."

World, Dec. 1, 1875.—"Were there to be a judgment of Paris among the rivalries of modern journalists, the three competitors would, we suppose, have to be Mr. Gallenga, Mr. Sala, and Mr. Russell, and we should award the apple without hesitation to Mr. Gallenga. He is the best informed, the most accurate, the most highly educated, the best linguist, the most variously experienced of the three. . . . His is by far the most classic pen, and the best measured style. He has just published a couple of entertaining and instructive volumes."

UNTRODDEN SPAIN, and her Black Country.

Being Sketches of the Life and Character of the Spaniard of the Interior. By HUGH JAMES ROSE, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. In 2 vols., 8vo., price 30s. (Second Edition.)

The **Times** says—"These volumes form a very pleasing commentary on a land and a people to which Englishmen will always turn with sympathetic interest."

The **Saturday Review** says—"His title of 'Untrodden Spain' is no misnomer. He leads us into scenes and among classes of Spaniards where few English writers have preceded him. . . . We can only recommend our readers to get it and search for themselves. Those who are most intimately acquainted with Spain will best appreciate its varied excellence."

The **Spectator** says—"The author's kindness is as conspicuous as his closeness of observation and fairness of judgment; his sympathy with the people inspires his pen as happily as does his artistic appreciation of the country; and both have combined in the production of a work of striking novelty and sterling value."

The **Standard** says—"It is fresh, life-like, and chatty, and is written by a man who is accustomed to look below the surface of things."

The **Athenæum** says—"We regret that we cannot make further extracts, for 'Untrodden Spain' is by far the best book upon Spanish peasant life that we have ever met with."

The **Literary Churchman** says—"Seldom has a book of travel come before us which has so taken our fancy in reading, and left behind it, when the reading was over, so distinct an impression. . . . We must reluctantly close our review of these delightful volumes, leaving the major part of them unnoticed. But we have quoted sufficient to show our readers how well the author has used his opportunities."

The **Nonconformist** says—"This book forms most interesting reading. It is the result of careful observation, it communicates many facts, it is written in a polished yet lively style, and will thus, perhaps, remain for some time the best reference-book about rural Spain."

The **Field** says—"An amount of really valuable information respecting the lower classes of Spaniards, their daily life and conversation, and ways of looking at things, such as few writers have given us."

The **John Bull** says—"We have rarely been able to recommend a book more cordially. It has not a dull page. . . . Deserves to be a great success."

OVER THE BORDERS OF CHRISTENDOM AND ESLAMIAH; or, Travels in the Summer of 1875 through Hungary, Slavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Montenegro to the North of Albania. By JAMES CREAGH, author of 'A Scamper to Sebastopol.' 2 vols., large post 8vo. 25s.

Public Opinion, Dec. 11, 1875.—"Nothing appears to have escaped Captain Creagh's observant eyes and ears, and his narrative has all the charm of a well-written romance."

Daily News.—"He went down the Danube to Belgrade, thence, turning westward, took his passage in a steam vessel up the river Save, and at Brod penetrated southward into Bosnia, visiting Bosna-Serai and Mostar, and thus coming in sight of the Adriatic at Ragusa."

Graphic.—"A rollicking tale of an Irishman's scamper from Pesth to Belgrade, thence up the Save to Brod, a town half Austrian half Turk, and down through the heart of the now insurgents' districts to Ragusa and Montenegro."

Figaro.—"The attention that has been so recently directed to Herzegovina gives a peculiar interest to Capt. Creagh's lively narrative and adventurous journey, and his two volumes will be received as a welcome addition to modern books of travel."

World.—"A new and seasonable book of travels. Captain Creagh has recently been tramping through Hungary, Slavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and a few other comparatively unknown countries."

Athenæum.—"The record of travel consists partly of descriptions of out-of-the-way places, where few except the writer have been, and which he can depict at his will. . . His volumes will be welcome."

Scotsman.—"Mr. Creagh is an old traveller, with a considerable faculty of observation; his style is racy, and he has much humour. . . Clever and decidedly readable."

CANTON AND THE BOGUE: the Narrative of an eventful six months in China. By WALTER WILLIAM MUNDY. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN BURMAH, SIAM, AND THE MALAY PENINSULA. By JOHN BRADLEY. Post 8vo., 12s.

TO THE DESERT AND BACK; or Travels in Spain, the Barbary States, Italy, etc., in 1875-76. By ZOUCH H. TURTON. One vol. large post 8vo. 12s.

New and Cheaper Edition of Mr. Minturn's "Travels West."

TRAVELS WEST. By WILLIAM MINTURN. Large post 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

The Daily News says—"An unpretending volume of travel, the author of which describes in a lively vein what he saw and heard in a recent journey from New York to St. Louis, thence to Salt Lake City and California, and back by Omaha and Chicago into Canada."

Public Opinion says—"A charming book, full of anecdotes of Western American travel, and in which, the author, who travelled from New York across the whole American Western desert, gives his experience of a country almost unknown to European colonists. We wish we could transcribe some of the very clear descriptions of scenery, life, and manners in which this book abounds."

The Queen says—"Mr. Minturn writes easily and pleasantly, and gives us vivid pictures of the marvellous scenery. . . . The whole tone of Mr. Minturn's book is pleasant to the English reader. . . in a word, good sense and culture contribute to make the volume well worth the attention of those who are interested in travel on the American Continent."

Vanity Fair says—"Some of our ablest authors have failed in the endeavour to depict American life and society. The author of the present work, however, is an American by birth who has spent most of his life in Europe, and he describes his return to America and his tour through the States in a very interesting volume. . . . Altogether the work is well-written and interesting."

The Literary World says—"A trip across America is a grand thing for the tourist, English or American, in the course of his career. Anyone contemplating such a journey should have a look at Mr. Minturn's book."

AMONG THE CARLISTS. By JOHN FURLEY, author of "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer." Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HOW I SPENT MY TWO YEARS' LEAVE; or, My Impressions of the Mother Country, the Continent of Europe, the United States of America, and Canada. By an Indian Officer. In one vol., 8vo. Price 12s.

SYRIA AND EGYPT UNDER THE LAST FIVE SULTANS OF TURKEY; being the Experiences during fifty years of Mr. Consul-General Barker, with explanatory remarks to the present day, by his son, EDWARD B. B. BARKER, H.B.M. Consul. In 2 vols. 8vo.

ROBA D'ITALIA ; or, Italian Lights and Shadows :
a record of Travel. By CHARLES W. HECKETHORN. In 2
vols., 8vo., price 3os.

MALTA SIXTY YEARS AGO. With a Concise
History of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Crusades,
and Knights Templars. By Col. CLAUDIO SHAW. Hand-
somely bound in cloth, 1os. 6d., gilt edges, 12s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLAM ; its Origin, Genius, and Mission. By
JOHN JOSEPH LAKE, author of "Notes and Essays
on the Christian Religion." Crown 8vo., price 5s.

ANOTHER WORLD ; or, Fragments from the Star
City of Montalluyah. By HERMES. Third Edition, revised,
with additions. Post 8vo., price 12s.

DICKENS'S LONDON : or, London in the Works
of Charles Dickens. By T. EDGAR PEMBERTON, author of
"Under Pressure." Crown 8vo., 6s.

EPITAPHIANA ; or, the Curiosities of Churchyard
Literature : being a Miscellaneous Collection of Epitaphs, with
an INTRODUCTION. By W. FAIRLEY. Crown 8vo., cloth,
price 5s. Post free.

"Entertaining."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A capital collection."—*Court Circular*.

"A very readable volume."—*Daily Review*.

"A most interesting book."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"Interesting and amusing."—*Nonconformist*.

"Particularly entertaining."—*Public Opinion*.

"A curious and entertaining volume."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"A very interesting collection."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

ETYMONIA. In 1 vol., crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

FACT AGAINST FICTION. The Habits and
Treatment of Animals Practically Considered. Hydrophobia
and Distemper. With some remarks on Darwin. By the
HON: GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY. 2 vols. 8vo., 3os.

MOVING EARS. By the Ven. Archdeacon WEAK-
HEAD, Rector of Newtown, Kent. 1 vol., crown 8vo., 5s.

NOTES AND ESSAYS ON THE CHRISTIAN
RELIGION : Its Philosophical Principles and its Enemies.
By JOHN JOSEPH LAKE. Crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE : the History of the Won-
derful Rise of British Supremacy in Hindustan. By the Rev.
SAMUEL NORWOOD, B.A., Head Master of the Grammar
School, Whalley. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SOCIAL ARCHITECTURE; or, Reasons and Means for the Demolition and Reconstruction of the Social Edifice. By AN EXILE FROM FRANCE. Demy 8vo., 16s.

THERESE HENNES, AND HER MUSICAL EDUCATION: a Biographical Sketch. By her FATHER. Translated from the German MS. by H. MANNHEIMER. Crown 8vo., 5s.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SECTS. Crown 8vo., price 5s.

THE RISE AND DECAY OF THE RULE OF ISLAM. By ARCHIBALD J. DUNN. Large post 8vo., 12s.

POETRY, &c.

 RVELON : a Poem. By W. J. DAWSON. Fcp. 8vo., 4s. 6d.

DEATH OF ÆGEUS, THE, and other Poems. By W. H. A. EMRA. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.

EMPEROR AND THE GALILEAN, THE: a Drama in two parts. Translated from the Norwegian of HENRIK IBSEN, by CATHERINE RAY. In 1 vol., crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

FARM, THE: Incidents and Occurrences thereat. By D. W. SLANN. With Songs and Music. Crown 8vo., price 6s.

FAREWELL TO LIFE; or Lyrical Reminiscences of British Peers in Art. With a Biographical Sketch of the late Patrick Nasmyth. By RICHARD LANGLEY. Dedicated to Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy. Fcp. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

GRANADA, AND OTHER POEMS. By M. SABISTON. Fcp. 8vo., 4s.

HELEN, and other Poems. By HUBERT CURTIS. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

MARY DESMOND, AND OTHER POEMS. By NICHOLAS J. GANNON. Fcp. 8vo., 4s., cloth. Second Edition.

MISPLACED LOVE. A Tale of Love, Sin, Sorrow, and Remorse. 1 vol., crown 8vo., 5s.

POEMS AND SONNETS. By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, B.A. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

REGENT, THE: a Play in Five Acts and Epilogue. By J. M. CHANSON. Crown 8vo., 5s.

RITUALIST'S PROGRESS, THE; or, a Sketch of the Reforms and Ministrations of the Rev. Septimus Alban, Member of the E.C.U., Vicar of S. Alicia, Sloperton. By A B WILDERED Parishioner. Fcp. 8vo., 2s. 6d., cloth.

SOUL SPEAKS, THE, and other Poems. By FRANCIS H. HEMERY. In wrapper, 1s.

SUMMER SHADE AND WINTER SUNSHINE: Poems. By ROSA MACKENZIE KETTLE, author of "The Mistress of Langdale Hall." New Edition. 2s. 6d., cloth.

WITCH OF NEMI, THE, and other Poems. By EDWARD BRENNAN. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS, &c.

ALFRED THE GREAT: an Opera in Four Acts. By ISAAC HEARNDEN. In wrapper, price 1s.

ALPERTON GHOST, THE: a Story. By Miss F. H. WALDY. Price 6d., post free.

ANOTHER ROW AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL. Showing how John's Cook made an IRISH STEW, and what came of it. 6d., sewed.

"ANY WOMAN WILL DO FOR A MAN:" a Warning to those about to Marry. In wrapper, 6d., post free. (Now ready, New Edition, price 3d.)

BALAK AND BALAAM IN EUROPEAN COSTUME. By the Rev. JAMES KEAN, M.A., Assistant to the Incumbent of Markinch, Fife. 6d., sewed.

BATTLE OF THE TITLE, THE: showing how Will Happirok and Tommy Hyghe tried to get into office and failed. In wrapper, 1s., post free.

CONFESIONS OF A WEST-END USURER. In illustrated cover, price 1s., post free.

DIFFICULTIES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By a YOUNG BEGINNER. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT. The Doctrine of the Everlasting Torment of the Wicked shown to be Unscriptural. In wrapper, 1s., post free.

FALL OF MAN, THE : an Answer to Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man ;" being a Complete Refutation, by common-sense arguments, of the Theory of Natural Selection. 1s., sewed.

GOLDEN PATH, THE : a Poem. By ISABELLA STUART. 6d., sewed.

GREAT FIGHT, THE, BETWEEN THE BEAR AND THE TURKEY. Its Origin and Probable Results. By a YOUNG LION. In wrapper, price 6d., post free.

HOW THE FIRE WAS KINDLED, AND HOW THE WATER BOILED ; or, Lessons in Agitation. In wrapper, 1s.

IRISH COLLAPSE, THE ; or, Three Months of Home Rule : Vision of Confusion. Dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield. By the MEMBER FOR DONNYBROOK. In wrapper, 1s., post free.

LETTER TO THE QUEEN, A, ON HER RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE. By One of Her Majesty's most Loyal Subjects. In wrapper, price 1s., post free.

MISTRESSES AND MAIDS. By HUBERT CURTIS, author of "Helen," &c. Price 1d.

NEW ZEALANDER, THE, ON LONDON BRIDGE ; or, Moral Ruins of the Modern Babylon. By a M.L.C. In wrapper, price 1s.

OLD TABLE, THE : a Story for the Young. In wrapper, 1s., post free.

ON THE MISMANAGEMENT OF THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. By J. PYM YEATMAN, Barrister-at-Law. In wrapper, price 1s.

OLD CHURCH KEY, THE. By the Rev. W. H. A. EMRA. In wrapper, price 6d., post free.

PUZZLES FOR LEISURE HOURS, Original and Selected. Edited by THOMAS OWEN. In ornamental wrapper, price 1s., post free.

REAL AND THE IDEAL, THE, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE TRUE ; or, Art in the Nineteenth Century : a Plain Treatise for Plain People, containing a new and startling Revelation for the Pre-Raphaelites. By a RUSTIC RUSKIN. 2s. 6d.

REDBREAST OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, THE : Lines from the Latin of Peter du Moulin, sometime a Prebendary of Canterbury. Translated by the Rev. F. B. Wells, M.A., Rector of Woodchurch. Handsomely bound, price 1s.

SKETCHES IN CORNWALL. By M. F. BRAGGE.

In Wrapper, price 1s.

TICHBORNE AND ORTON AUTOGRAPHS,

THE ; comprising Autograph Letters of Roger Tichborne, Arthur Orton (to Mary Ann Loder), and the Defendant (early, letters to Lady Tichborne, &c.), in facsimile. In wrapper, price 6d.

TWELVE NATIONAL BALLADS (First Series).

Dedicated to Liberals of all classes. By PHILHELOT, of Cambridge. In ornamental cover, price 6d., post free.

TRUE FLEMISH STORY, A. By the author of "The Eve of St. Nicholas." In wrapper, 1s.

USE AND ABUSE OF IRRATIONAL ANI-

MALS, THE ; with some Remarks on the Essential Moral Difference between Genuine "Sport" and the Horrors of Vivisection. In wrapper, price 1s., post free.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

AVENTURES OF TOM HANSON, THE;
Or, Brave Endeavours Achieve Success ; a Story for Boys. By FIRTH GARSIDE, M.A. 5s. Illustrated. Handsomely bound.

HARRY'S BIG BOOTS: a Fairy Tale, for "Smalle Folke." By S. E. GAY. With 8 Full-page Illustrations and a Vignette by the author, drawn on wood by PERCIVAL SKELTON. Crown 8vo., handsomely bound in cloth, price 5s.
"Some capital fun will be found in 'Harry's Big Boots.' . . . The illustrations are excellent and so is the story."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ROSIE AND HUGH; a Tale for Boys and Girls. By HELEN C. NASH. 1 vol., crown 8vo. 6s.

"In 'Rosie and Hugh' we have all the elements of fiction presented in the best possible form to attract boys and girls. Wholesome, pure, lively, with here and there a dash of humour, the book is certain to be a favourite with both parents and children A cheerful, clever work."—*Morning Post*.

SEED-TIME AND REAPING. A Tale for the Young. By HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo. 5s.

FLORENCE OR LOYAL QUAND MEME. By FRANCES ARMSTRONG. Crown 8vo., 5s., post free.

MILES: a Town Story. By the author of "Fan." Crown 8vo., 5s.

Samuel Tinsley & Co., 10, Southampton St., Strand.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

PR

4063 Parker -
B19e Eliot the
v.3 younger

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 364 668 4

PR

4063
B19e
v.3

